

# THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 44

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1909.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commodore.

Price, 2 Cents

JOHN, for the  
height 5ft.  
hair and eyes  
front through  
Left Glasgow for  
ago. Mother who is  
desires to hear from

GEORGE. Age 19;  
brown hair; grey  
complexion; farmer. Was  
sixteen years ago  
fourteen, from Dr. Bar  
in Edinburgh. His  
inquires.

JOHN. Married. Age  
65; medium height;  
Was a waiter at  
Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.  
gone to Brooklyn,  
Bristol some 20 or  
entitled to legacy. In  
inquires.

SON, ANDREW, or  
Swedish. About 25  
complexion; robust;  
heard of, January,  
ing at Fairbank Bank  
Alaska. Family  
of him.

ONEL GASKIN,  
Secretary)

will visit  
on August, 12th.

IER ABBY  
EVANGELIST,  
will visit

July 30 to Aug. 8  
August 10 to 23,  
August 24 to 30,  
August 31 to Sept.  
Sept. 10 to 23.

R SIMCO

will visit  
from August 10th.

R HAY

camp meetings at  
31st, to August 5th  
h, to 18th.

POINTMENTS,

East Ont. Prov.—

August 10, 11;  
12, 13; Smith's  
16; Perth, August  
19, 20; Peter-  
Port Hope, Aug.  
August 25; Co-  
27; Trenton, Aug.  
rd, August 29, 31.  
Eastern Province—  
4, 5; Dartmouth,  
Aug. 9, 10; Hal-  
dubor, Aug. 12-15;  
Kewville, Aug.  
Aug. 20-22;  
25.

nt Ont. Prov.—

nt 5, 6; Halley,  
8, 9; New Li-  
Elk Lake City,  
ake, Aug. 15-17;  
1, 18.

Eastern Prov.—

4, 5; Spring-  
arabro, August  
anderry, August  
12, 13; New  
Inverness, Aug.  
Aug. 20; White

FOR THE  
SERVICE

and Women.

rated young men  
and for the next  
which commences  
on have not yet  
for Officership,  
D.O., P.O., or to  
SOUTHAL.

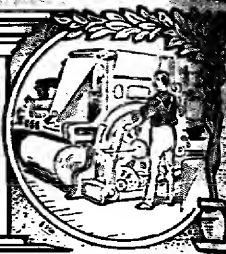
Toronto, Ont.



THIS IS AN EVENT THAT WILL HAPPEN TO THOUSANDS WHO INDULGE IN PROCRASTINATION, OR THE PUTTING OFF OF THEIR SOUL'S SALVATION. READER, WHAT ABOUT YOU? ENTER THE SECURE POSITION OF SALVATION AND THEN YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM HARM. OTHERWISE WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, ETERNAL DOOM WILL CLAIM YOU FOR ITS OWN. REPENT AND BE CONVERTED NOW.



## Cutlets from Contemporaries.



### From Parasite to Pearl.

#### A Wonderful Evolution.

I do not think that after a few days at the Oyster Battery it is possible even to regard these beautiful jewels with the same admiration as before. One remembers when one sees their wonderful refinement and beauty, the shabby corruption in which they are discovered; that they are but a disease, a kind of tumor, epidemic in certain places, and that the next bright shines bright and clear among the fish in which one sees it first, one does not forget how many days must pass before the smell of putrid flesh finally leaves it clean and pure and ready to be worn.

The host of the adult parasite is not known, but as oysters from the neighboring areas vary enormously in pearl infection, it is supposed that certain conditions attract this host, whatever it may be. The pearl production of one generation of oysters is little indication of the yield of the following generation upon the same beds—a fact which increases the mystery. Should the history of this parasite be discovered, it will probably be possible to increase the infection at will. The question is being most carefully investigated, and a solution is not beyond the bounds of possibility.—New Zealand Cry.

### The Life of the Army.

#### The General: an American View.

There are some things about The General that stir every soul to do exploits and make us stir ourselves.

### The Praying League

Topics.—1. Pray for success of The General's Motor Tour in the British Isles. 2. Pray for heavenly friends and comrades everywhere. 3. Pray especially for poor unconverted people whose lives are in danger.

Sunday, Aug. 15th.—Wise Request.—1. Kings, 2: 4-15.  
Monday, Aug. 16.—Solomon's House-keeping.—1. Kings, 4: 21-24; 5: 1.  
Tuesday, Aug. 17th.—Busy Workers.—1. Kings, 5: 2-15.  
Wednesday, Aug. 18th.—House of the Lord.—1. Chron., 2: 1-17; 4: 1-22.  
Thursday, Aug. 19.—Sacrifice and Song.—1. Chron., 5: 1-14.  
Friday, Aug. 20.—Consecration Prayer.—1. Chron., 6: 1-20.  
Saturday, Aug. 21.—Remember Zion.—1. Chron., 6: 20-41.

### GLIMPSES INTO INTERESTING LETTERS.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Many choice thoughts and helpful ideas are read only by the eyes for which they were originally intended, whereas they would prove a real blessing to many others if reproduced in some more public way than in the pages of personal letters. I often think of this as I read the interesting and oftentimes inspiring correspondence which comes to my

in the interest of the Kingdom.

First: He makes you love him, but your love does not stay there and dwell on him. It sails up, above earthly things, and depends and expands around the central figure of our Redeemer, the Son of God. No sooner do you find your affections centring themselves around The General than you find them flung on the ground by some deep, searching utterance, and you are looking at the Cross and its bleeding Victim, and basting the nail-pierced feet with your tears, and consecrating your whole body and soul and spirit for His Kingdom.

Then again, his wonderful vitality! Only one who is upheld by supernatural power for some divine purpose could stand it from 10 o'clock to 12:30 noon, and from 3 p. m. to 7:15 p. m., and then again from 6:30 to 9:30. The General was on his feet nearly all the time, speaking, entreating, advising, denouncing and instructing; half the time leading the singing and walking to and fro, directing the singers. In fact, he told us if the angels could come down and see that meeting they would wish to know what crowd of old folks that was being led by that young man, and the writer, who is now weakling, declares it would seem like it.—American Cry.

### The Fruit of His Toil.

#### An Australian Congress.

Are you Captain Greenfield?"

"That's me, sir."

"Do you remember me?"

"No, I do not, sir."

"Don't you remember Harry, the navy, from Ashfield? Don't you remember pulling me out of the sewer-drain close to the Ashfield barracks, and taking me up to the boarding-house?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Well,

dear. Of course, on account of its personal nature, much of it may not be given to the public. But I want, in this week's notes, just to give a little glimpse into one or two, as I am sure the others will not object to my so doing."

The first excerpt is from a personal letter from our dear old Comrade of Canadian Rescue Work, Assistant Jordan. She says, "Since closing my letter, The War Cry you so kindly sent me, containing the news of dear Erradler Stewart's death, has arrived. Dear, dear Stewart! I always felt she was one of God's nobility. . . . A true warrior spirit—so humble; always anxious to serve the very lowest, and to keep out of sight in doing so."

Oh, that we had more of her spirit in our ranks. With such an Army, God could soon defeat the enemy, and take the field for Jesus. . . . Another dear fellow-worker at rest from the toil and strife of battle, glorified in the presence of the King. What exquisite joy must be hers, as she meets Him face to face, for Whom she has sacrificed all of earth's affections and favors, for Whose smile only she has lived and most despised of earth. As my soul contemplates her pure, exalted joys, I am so filled with praise and gratitude on her behalf that I no longer remember our loss. And may we not believe that, from that exalted sphere she may be destined to render a higher and more efficient service for those who, in Jesus' name, so

I'm delighted to see you, Harry. Let me see—you got converted a few days after, did you not?"

"Yes, of course I did."

"And are you still a Soldier, Harry?"

"Yes, my wife and I are Soldiers of the Malvern Corps."

It is seventeen years since I picked Harry out of the sewer-drain, blind drunk, and fixed him up at the boarding-house (says the Captain). It was to look after the drunk.

Waiting for some friends at the Melbourne Exhibition on the Commodore, last night, a lady enquired the price of admission. "Let me see," she added, "is your name Greenfield?"

"Yes, madam."

"I suppose you have forgotten me?"

"I do not recognize you. Where have I seen you?"

"Do you remember praying with a little crippled girl in Landsborough about twenty-three years ago?"

"Yes, I remember it well."

"I am the mother of the little girl. She went to heaven some twenty years ago."

I was pleased that I had gone out of my way to visit that little crippled girl twenty-three years ago. The mother had followed my name through the Cry all those years, and hunted me out after that time—all through one little act of kindness. Moral: Let's serve the wee ones.—Australian Cry.

### The Magic Lantern is to be

#### Overjoyed

Major Clifford, of the British Army, is a great admirer of the Magic Lantern. He has been in Java, at a place called Ngemplak, which is the centre of a large group of villages, the headman offered the use of his premises for the service.

occupied her heart and time on earth. I think we may.

I feel that her conversion must be an inspiration to all to grasp firmer the sword and shield, and render more service in the Kingdom of service in the Kingdom. I shall be sure to tell you, dear friend, for "God bless you. Oh, what a joy it will be to join the loved ones at home in the Father's house. Above all, to see our Saviour's face. If we merit the 'Well done.' A few days of service still remain. May God help us to make the most of them. Yes, sure, we must reiterate that earnest wish."

I would like to quote a few words from the private letter to me of another Rescue officer, who knew and loved our dear presented friend very intimately: "She was always planning and thinking of others, and self was always kept in the background. She has been a great blessing and inspiration to me, and the longing desire of my heart to-day is that I may follow in her steps, and live the life that she did, so that at the close of my life it may be said of me, as it was of her, 'She lived for others.'"

How true the words of a noted author, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

It will, I think, be understood readily that we much appreciate ourselves which bring the news of blessings received through the Media

The sheet was fixed to two coconut trees whilst the congregation, numbering fully 2,000, filled the grounds and blocked the roadway.

After giving a lengthy lecture, the Major closed his remarks by expressing a willingness to stay all night, and could only be satisfied by the promise of a return visit. One of the native officials acted as translator on this occasion, and the headman, who is also a priest, provided bountiful for the Major's temporal needs by sending to the quarters the best of a goat, a chicken, a bunch of potatoes, a dozen eggs and nearly a bushel of rice.

At another place, Poffen, the director of a plantation had cleared a shed, which is used for drying and sorting the coffee for the London services, whilst one of the European overseers brought his gramophone to assist in making things more attractive. About 1,200 people came together and were intensely interested. The great majority were men on the ground, and the order was perfect, except for the minutes in the middle of the service, when a snake was discovered amongst the legs of the natives. As part of the shed, lights were kindled and the music quickly switched on. The service was most successful. The Major was most pleased with the result.

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JAPAN is reaching transshipping Nagasaki.

This is a large island area, exclusive of Formosa, Ireland, but its curious fact that it is 1,500 miles long.

It is a notable fact flourished in Japan for puts it, "While our for as wild men, and dress cities and towns, dress art of printing, gunpow and used (by the Chinese natives of Japan, always the civilization of the absorbing that of Europe.

The mountainous greatly with its culture given up to agriculture the hills cut into terraces growing upon gigantic

Small Farms and Villages

You will notice, in them by the side of blue cotton; and of the men, and both at first glance to tell

You will find the sheep. You get, how living green of growth is laid out in rice-fields in Japanese life. The thought that statesmen eat nothing else. The best paste, and dried articles, from the to the very roof—that

A Japanese house is supported by wooden shutters of wood and can be put up upon a generally sit upon a stand, too, is unknown.

Now we are in behind the town of low pine trees to your left, where you.

Healthiest Town

Kobe was the town, and the streets are broad by the drooping

The Salvation that it is fitted with quite a European can enter and leave on their shoes.

To this country, He stood books and "Cry back to the island and yielded his

When he gave himself to custom of work neighbor, and on, more came proving too much was found to be

Teach Us How

When at to pray."

When at to pray."

When at to pray."

When at to pray."

When at to pray."

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# A VISIT TO JAPAN.

Written by Brigadier Margaret Allen.

This is a Fascinating Article, Packed with Interesting Facts and Stirring Stories.

JAPAN is reached from Java by taking steamer to Singapore, transshipping to Hong-Kong, and thence sailing for Nagasaki.

This wonderful mountainous country comprises four large islands, and more than 2,600 small ones. Its entire area, exclusive of Formosa, is about equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland, but its curious formation can best be understood by remembering that it is 1,500 miles long, and only from 100 to 200 miles wide.

It is a notable fact that civilization—brought by the Chinese—has flourished in Japan for more than 1,500 years; for, as a graphic writer puts it, "While our forefathers in Northern Europe roamed the forests as wild men, and dressed in skins, the Chinese were living quietly in cities and towns, dressed in silks. Systematic method of agriculture, the art of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass were all known and used (by the Chinese) long before the Dark Ages of Europe." The natives of Japan, always an adaptive and progressive people, absorbed the civilization of their neighbor nation, just as to-day they are readily absorbing that of Europe and America.

The mountainous character of the country naturally interferes greatly with its cultivation, hardly 12 per cent. of its total area being given up to agriculture. Owing to this peculiarity, you see the sides of the hills cut into terraces, so that the crops and vegetables appear to be growing upon gigantic stairways.

## Small Farms and Women Workers.

You will notice, too, how very small are the farms. The women work in them by the side of their husbands, dressed almost alike, in a robe of blue cotton; and as their hair is arranged in similar knots to those of the men, and both wear rough straw hats for the sun, it is difficult at first glance to tell the one from the other.

You will find little pasture-land here, and consequently very few sheep. You get, however, what England cannot produce—the wonderful living green of growing rice. One-half of all the land cultivated in Japan is laid out in rice-fields, and the rice-plant plays a very important part in Japanese life. The staple food of the country is rice, boiled in water—though that statement must not be supposed to mean that the natives eat nothing else. From this plant the best Japanese paper is made, the best paste, and drink as well as food; while the straw furnishes a variety of articles, from the straw coat which the workman wears when it rains, to the very roof-thatch of his little home.

A Japanese house is built on the simplest possible lines. The roof is supported by four posts, and the four walls are formed of sliding shutters of wood and paper—the inside partitions are of similar material, and can be put up at night and taken down in the morning. As the people generally sit upon the floor, chairs are unnecessary. The ordinary bedstead, too, is unknown, and padded quilts are the only bedding used.

Now we are in sight of Kobe—flat enough at the water's edge, but behind the town note how abruptly those mountains rise! Their clothing of low pine trees and thick shrubbery adds to their beauty, as a glance to your left, where the mountains are almost entirely bare, will assure you.

## Healthiest Town in Japan.

Kobe was formerly a foreign settlement; but it is a typical Japanese town, and the climate is the healthiest to be found in the Empire. Its streets are broad and clean, are kept in good repair, and made beautiful by the drooping grace of pepper-trees.

The Salvation Army Hall was formerly a restaurant. You will notice that it is fitted with seats, instead of the usual thick primrose matting—quite a European innovation, but evidently preferred by the people, who can enter and leave as they wish, without the trouble of putting off and on their shoes.

To this Corps there one day came a visitor from a neighboring island. He stood near the Open-Air ring, watching the Officers selling books and "Crys." He bought "Aggressive Christianity," and on his way back to the island read page after page of it. He was deeply convicted, and yielded his heart to God as he sat on board.

When he landed, he made straight for a little hill, on the top of which was a temple. There he laid down the book in front of him, and gave himself solemnly to God upon the spot made sacred to him by the custom of worship. Then he went happily down to his house, called in a neighbor, and read to him his precious book. Hearing what was going on, more came to hear, and he read on. Still more came, until the house, proving too small, the sliding panels were slipped out and the back-yard was found to be full of would-be listeners.

## Teach Us How to Pray.

When at last he ceased, the audience said, "Now, teach us how to pray."

"I fear I cannot teach anybody," said he. "I have only learned for myself to-day. Would it please you to kneel down and repeat what I said? That prayer was answered."

Many of them knelt instantly, and repeated after him the simple words by which he had himself come to God. Seventeen Converts were made that day.

Again the leader came to the mainland for advice and direction, taking back with him seventeen copies of the Articles of War for his Converts to sign.

"You have a Flag," said he. And when told what it signified, said, "We, too, will have a Flag. Now we want an Officer to come and teach us the ways of God."

The Japanese Soldiers make capital "fishers" in a prayer meeting. Their personal dealing is very thorough, and remarkably patient.

## Our Sailors' Home.

We must not leave Kobe without a look at the Sailors' Home. This building was originally in the hands of the Mission to Seamen, and had a resident chaplain. He left, however, and The Salvation Army was asked to take it over. At that time there was only accommodation for six men, and meals were served from a restaurant outside. Now we can accommodate sixty, and meals are cooked in the Home. There are large reading and dining-rooms, and whenever the Fleet is in the men flock hither with manifest enjoyment.

It was in Kobe, you remember, that The General saw 300 seekers of Salvation during his Sunday meetings—a truly wonderful break.

## An Imperial Welcome.

The journey from Osaka to Yokohama can be effected by rail or boat. Travelling by rail, we pass through Kyoto, where the real of Japan is still to be found. It is a significant fact that, in order to give The General a fitting welcome to this ancient city, its municipality closed a great exhibition then being held, and allowed a temporary building for his meetings to be erected in the exhibition grounds.

We also pass through Nagoya, in which we have an interesting Corps at work, in spite of its being a strong Buddhist centre. The General addressed 2,000 people in the Nagoya Theatre, the Governor of the Province taking the chair.

Yokohama is a strong naval base, and, therefore, has its Salvation Army Naval Home, the Officers of which can tell us some rapidly interesting stories of sailors' Salvation. There are two Corps here which we might visit, had we time, but this being a foreign settlement, and therefore less interesting to a European mind, we will press on to Tokio, a matter of half an hour in a train of English style.

That new and imposing building—upon the main street, as you see—is our Headquarters. On the occasion of The General's arrival all these streets were decorated in his honor, and 25,000 people turned out to bid him welcome, headed by the Governor and the civic authorities.

## The Imperial Palace.

It will give you a clearer idea of the size and importance of this city to note that the secluded area, in the midst of which stands the great Imperial Palace, is some miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a deep moat, whose clear waters run between banks of smooth green grass, edged upon the city side with Japanese willows, through which one sees the pine-covered land on the opposite bank. As ordinary mortals, we cannot be permitted to see more; but our beloved General was conducted within the charmed circle, and presented to the Emperor by the British Charge d'Affaires.

The audience chamber in which the interview took place is of red lacquer and gold. Pictures of flowers upon silk fill the sunken panels of the ceiling. It was by no means a demonstrative ceremony, for Japanese Court etiquette requires that conversation shall be carried on so low a tone as to be practically whispered. The Emperor, however, expressed his appreciation of the efforts of The Salvation Army on behalf of charity.

It was characteristic of The General to proceed straight from the Imperial Palace to the workhouse, and we who know him so well, do not doubt that he more truly enjoyed the latter visit, as giving him the opportunity to address about 1,000 inmates. After this he attended a conference of nobles and representatives of the Government, to discuss with them the adoption of methods for the suppression of certain forms of Western vice. Later still, he sanctioned plans for a travelling Hospital for the poor, towards the maintenance of which a lady has promised £2,500, while a further £2,000 was promised later on.

(To be completed next week.)

PACIFIC PARAGRAPHS.

A message from Fernie necessitated immediate departure from Vancouver. Staff-Captain Wakefield was our traveling companion, who, on hearing the sad news concerning the late Captain Lucy Horwood, left the train at Calgary and journeyed with us into the Kootenays. Staff-Captain Coombs, of Calgary, a near friend of the deceased, also came on to Fernie, and his kindly assistance was greatly prized.

It was late when we reached our destination, after fifty-one hours' travel from the coast. With sad hearts we met Ensign Nellie Horwood, whose arrival had preceded ours a short time. Her sister had gone home before she could reach her. As another writer has already forwarded particulars to the Cry relating to the promotion to Glory and funeral services, we will not say more.

The C. P. R. flyer was delayed several hours on account of an accident farther down the line. Mrs. Morris and I travelled with Ensign Horwood and the casket containing the remains of Captain Lucy Horwood. At 5 a.m. the following morning we parted, leaving Staff-Captain Wakefield to travel as far as Winnipeg with the grief-stricken sister, where Brigadier Burdett has kindly arranged an escort further East.

Captain Adams was asleep when we bombarded his big front door, and utilized his new front door bell until we brought his cheerful face in view. We found the Quarters intact, although, due to the theatre collapsing next door, the south wall of the Citadel was broken down and the building greatly injured. Though deeply concerned, the Captain was not dismayed, and urged going in for a new building immediately. We met the Soldiers at night, and had a real blessed meeting and council. Sergt. Major and Mrs. Rosalie royally entertained us.

Leaving Lethbridge at noon, we travelled until midnight to Cranbrook. Captain Davidson and Lieut. Myers, with several beautifully-spirited Soldiers met us. The following day we inspected a likely property for Hall and Quarters. Had a splendid little open-air with a nice company of Soldiers. Cranbrook is certainly looking up as far as the S. A. is concerned. An inspiring meeting followed in the stuffy Hall and sweltering heat.

The next day our faces turned towards Nelson, when after a rail and boat journey, our destination was reached. Adjutant Gosling was at the wharf to greet us. The open-air Saturday was cheering. We gained the attention of a large crowd. Inside, one young man volunteered out to the penitentiary.

Sunday's meetings began with knee-drill at 7 a.m. The Soldiers rendered willing and able assistance all day. The memorial service of Captain Lucy Horwood was well attended and very impressive. The flag carried a white streamer, and the white ribbons on the sleeves of the Officers paid respect to our promoted comrade.

Adjutant and Mrs. Gosling were the essence of kindness during our stay. We were sorry to see Mrs. Gosling so ill. We parted from them at 9 a.m., on Monday, moving for Rossland.

A TRIBUTE  
TO THE LATE CAPTAIN LUCY  
HORWOOD.

By Her Provincial Officer.

Among the last words of the Captain were: "I have done what I could; I have no regrets." Captain Lucy Horwood did what she could. She was a faithful and efficient Officer, one on whom I could always rely, and who never caused me any misgiving or anxiety concerning either herself or her work. As to her

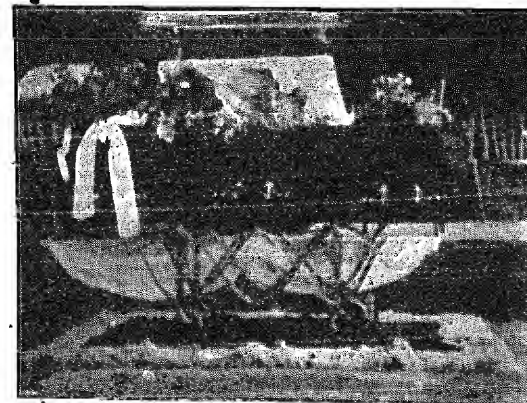


This group represent the Junior Workers of the Fernie Corps. The middle figure in the front row is that of the late Captain Lucy Horwood. The picture was taken on Tuesday, July 13th, and on Sunday, 18th, the dear Captain was in Glory.

Influence in Fernie, or the grand soul-saving work she carried on there, the citizens of the city who turned out in such great numbers at the funeral service and march, and the brothers who acted as pall-bearers and who were enrolled during her term as the Commanding Officer, bore eloquent testimony.

The reporter who had attended the funeral service, and afterward scribbled a few notes on the outside wall of the S. A. Citadel, voiced the general feeling: "She was a noble woman, and Fernie will never forget her. She is dead, but her influence for good will live on and on."

The Officers and Soldiers of the Pacific Province will miss her, and I voice their feelings. They have sus-



The casket in the Fernie Hall containing the remains of Captain Lucy Horwood. These pictures were sent to us by Bro. Edwin Brown, who was led to Christ by the late Captain, also enrolled by her as a Salvation soldier. By the help of God, he hopes to meet her in Heaven.

tained a great loss, and their prayers for the bereaved are ascending even as I write, that God may comfort and uphold them.

What a shock it was! A telegraphic message on Friday. On Saturday we were speeding towards Fernie. Sunday, at 3 p.m., she had passed away. We were convulsed with grief to see on our arrival, the earthly remains in a casket, of one to whom this promotion to Glory had come so suddenly, and to look upon Ensign Nellie Horwood, her sister, now sorrowing, but greatly upheld by God. It was all overwhelmingly sad.

Captain Lucy Horwood was ready. Sensible to the last moment, she talked over and arranged the last details in connection with the Corps, and through the brief illness of less than three days after the accident, her only concern was "others."

She has gone Home—promoted to the ranks above. Volunteers to follow in her steps as Officers have already been forthcoming from those who have watched this holy, useful life. It would seem hard for the War to spare so useful an Officer, but He who doeth all things well, will care for His work, and we who are spared must march on with greater speed and work while it is His day, for the night cometh.—Major F. Morris.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOK.

An interesting relic came into the hands of The General during his Field Officers' Councils at Manchester a few days ago, says the English Cry.

While overhauling a pile of books exhibited for sale outside a second-hand book-seller's in Liverpool, an Officer recently espied among a boxful, marked, "One penny each," a copy of "Squire Brooke's Memorials," which bore the following inscription on the fly-leaf:—

William Booth, 3 Gore Road,  
Victoria Park Road,  
London, E.

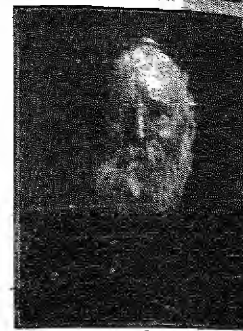
May 1873.

From Henry Reed, Esq.,

Dunorlan, Tunbridge Wells.

Though inscribed nearly forty years ago, it was still bold and clear, and undoubtedly in The General's handwriting; and the Officer, having paid his penny, walked off in triumph with his prize.

He took it with him to the Councils at Manchester, and handed it to Colonel Lawley for The General.



Father Miles, of Barris.

Who, on July 22, celebrated his 76th birthday. He collected \$36 for the last self-denial effort, and sent 2,000 War Cries per year.

Treasurer Stapleton, who is nearing seventy, collected \$38 for \$3. In these two old veterans, Barris has two tried and tested Salvationists, who have fought under the colors for the past 25 years, and who look forward to being buried under the folds of the "yellow, red and blue."

who, in acknowledgment, sent the Officer an autograph photo of himself.

The history of the volume is as follows:—

Mr. Henry Reed, who resided at Tunbridge Wells and was one of the earliest friends of The Army, presented The General with this book, which was afterwards lent to somebody. The General forgot who the book was never returned, and was not heard of until purchased in the manner described.

The donor of the book removed many years ago to Tasmania, where he died. Mrs. Reed is still alive, and when our Leader, during his last Australian Campaign, in 1905, visited Launceston, in Tasmania, he stayed with her.

Mr. Reed's daughter, it is interesting to note, is the wife of the Rev. Harry Guinness.

WEDDING AND WELCOMES AT  
LISGAR STREET.

Lieut-Colonel Gaskin Performs the Ceremony.

We have just welcomed our Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Tricker, back to Lisgar Street from their short furlough. Also, a number of old friends and comrades have come this way again. Mrs. Staff-Captain Hale, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Burrows, of the United States, Brother and Sister Lewis, of Montreal, and others. The latter are taking up their residence at old Lisgar again. On Thursday a man came and left his burden of sin at the cross. On Saturday Lieut-Colonel Gaskin officiated at the wedding of Bandman H. Canfield and Sister Degney, who were supported by Deputy-Bandmaster A. Delaney and Sister V. Thorburn. Notwithstanding the rain, a big crowd was present. After the knot was securely tied some neat little speeches were made by the best man, by the Bandmaster, and the bride. The Band enlivened the proceedings with choice music, and then the Colonel gave some sound advice, both to married and single. On Sunday afternoon the child of Brother Miller (Assistant Y. P. Secretary), and Mrs. Miller, was dedicated to God and The Army. The night meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Burrows. One young man claimed Salvation.

THE NEW SHIP



The New Ship

Airship Crosses

The feat of crossing the Channel in a flying machine, successfully accomplished by a Frenchman, named ... made the passage in an hour, twice as fast as the fastest mail-boat. He more than forty-five miles. He kept above the sea level, and while about mid-height of both coast, torpedoes were directed at him, with little effect.

The wind was twenty miles an hour, choppy.

There is great triumph both in France, and numerous medals await the

Crete Under

The Greek flag, Island of Crete, national powers have. The powers have protected her right of the Cretans at some concern.

After more than almost continuous four powers—France, and Crete affairs, and the island, an autonomous subject to the subject paying, to that country. The right of the propose the high been recognize powers, under officers have in of the gendarmerie, gradually with troops from the fact was public feeling. It is to be developments not lead to an

Revelation

A serious Spain.

The Catalans ready for revolution opportunity reverses in the hours to the best of the the in the the



## THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



The New Shah of Persia.

## Airship Crosses English Channel.

The feat of crossing the English Channel in a flying machine has been successfully accomplished by a Frenchman, named Bledel. He made the passage in less than half an hour, twice as swiftly as the fastest mail-boat. His speed averaged more than forty-five miles an hour, sometimes it approximated sixty miles. He kept about 250 feet above the sea level, and for ten minutes while about mid-channel, was out of sight of both coasts and the French torpedo boat destroyers which followed him, with his wife and friends aboard.

The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour, and the sea was choppy.

There is great rejoicing over this triumph both in England and France, and numerous honours and medals await the daring aviator.

## Crete Under Greek Flag.

The Greek flag now flies over the island of Crete, and the international troops have been withdrawn. The powers have promised Turkey to protect her rights, and the outcome of the Cretans' action is awaited with some concern.

After more than seventy years of almost continuous insurrection, the four powers—Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy—intervened in Cretan affairs, and in 1898 constituted the island, with the adjacent islets, an autonomous state under a high commissioner of the powers, subject to the suzerainty of Turkey, but paying, however, no tribute to that country. Since August 14, 1906, the right of the King of Greece to propose the high commissioner has been recognized by the protecting powers, under whose sanction Greek officers have taken over the direction of the gendarmerie and militia. In May, 1908, the powers decided to gradually withdraw the international troops from the island, and when the fact was announced Crete declared for union with Greece, and public feeling became intense.

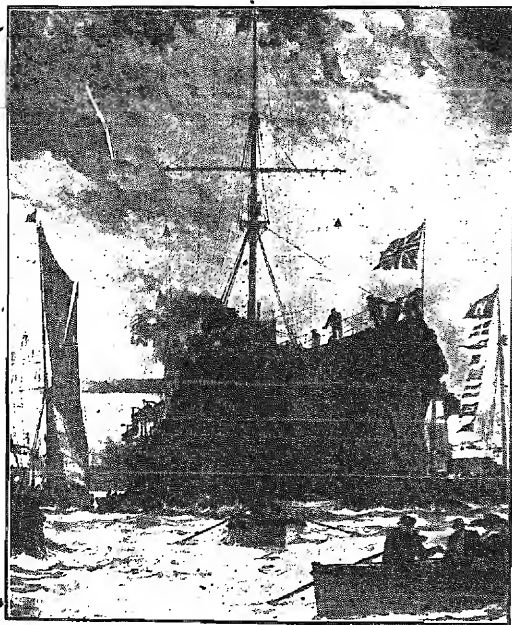
It is to be hoped that the latest developments of the situation will not lead to an outbreak of war.

## Revolution in Spain.

A serious state of affairs exists in Spain.

The Catalans, ever turbulent and ready for revolution, have seized the opportunity afforded by the Spanish reverses in the campaign against the Moors to rise against the Government of the Castilian doles, and Spain is in the throes of a revolution.

Much fighting has taken place, and



Warships and Commerce.—One of Britain's Warships Off the Tower of London.

hundreds of revolutionists have been killed. The news concerning the fate of the Spanish army in Morocco is alarming.

At the outskirts of Melilla the Spanish army has suffered a serious check. Three thousand soldiers have either been slain or wounded, and the Moorish hordes are fighting at the very walls of the city itself.

The Moorish forces have been strengthened by the arrival of 5,000 additional tribesmen, and the official judgment that 75,000 Spanish troops are needed to overcome the tribesmen, would indicate that the Melilla army of Spain is in sore straits.

A Moorish army is marching on Algeiras, and a warship has been hurriedly despatched from Melilla to aid the garrison there.

## The Protection of Animals.

An international congress, having as its object the protection of animal life, was recently held in London. Eng. Papers were read bearing on cruelty in sport, bird protection, the sealing traffic, and vivisection. Mr. Ernest Bell, in reading his paper on "Bird Culling and Bird Catching," said that the evil of bird-culling was a crying one, involving the life-long misery or death under painful conditions of millions of harmless and naturally happy little beings. That slaying was necessarily a sign of happiness was a fallacy. The bird-catcher was the person who was really responsible for the trade and for the destruction of our charming bird-life. Mr. Bell asked all in help to put an end to the cruel and selfish practice by declining to keep any birds, whether large or small, imprisoned in cages.

In the medical anti-vivisection section, Dr. A. Bowles, who presided, said that most of them were attracted to the question by moral considerations, but it could be proved that very little of consequence was derived from vivisection, and that little could have been derived by altogether unobjectionable methods. Dr. Stenson Hooker said that vivisection was a bar to medical progress; it had had its trial and been found wanting.

At St. John's Church, Westminster, on Sunday morning, Archbishop Wilberforce said that much unnecessary pain was caused by cold-blooded cruelty, the motive for which was ex-

celled sport, amusement, dress decoration, gluttony, or scientific inquisitiveness. Evidence was accumulating every day that severe suffering was inflicted on the human race by the erroneous conclusions drawn from experiments on animals. He also deprecated the encouragement of public exhibitions of performing animals, who were mostly trained by merciless methods and performed ridiculous antics which were an insult to common-sense.

## John Wesley.

In reviewing a new book on Methodism, the Times says: "The figure of Wesley stands out in history, even as it does in the canvas of Romney, with a certain radiance and refinement, with superb force and discipline of soul, with a union of tireless enthusiasm and cool, clear intellect and supreme business faculty. He who had the temper of the early Christian martyrs could face unperturbed furious mobs and in the end master them, and then sit down to plan with admirable lucidity a financial scheme or settle a deed which afterwards stood the test of litigation in the Court of Chancery. A fierce flame burnt in a case of steel. The apostle's zeal was controlled by a brain which might have been that of a great general or financier. Those who feared at his fanaticism would have been no match for him in diplomacy or the work of organization, in their directness of aim at the very heart of the matter in hand, some of his letters read like extracts from Napoleon's correspondence. He reminds one of General Booth at one time only to recall at another, with his hand of 'nobby' thoughts, some monk who had walked with St. Bernard. We are grateful to the authors of these interesting volumes for retelling the story of a career which would have been deemed subterranean had the scene of it been laid in the first fourteen centuries of Christianity."

## More Warships to be Built.

After three years of faithful effort to restrict international armaments, during which time Germany has laid down eleven large armored ships to Britain's eight, Britain has come to the conclusion that the peace talk has become too one-sided. Fol-



The Shah of Persia, recently Deposed

lowing Mr. McKenna's announcement that four new warships are to be laid down in April, to be completed in 1912, Mr. Asquith assured the House that the step had been taken in no spirit of aggression, but because the anxious deliberation of the past month had forced the Government to conclude that such action was the only one they could with honesty ask Parliament to accept.

## Camels Are Delicate Animals.

Contrary to the widespread but erroneous opinion, the camel is a very delicate animal. A camel that has worked fifteen days in succession needs a month's pasturage to recuperate. It is liable to a host of ailments and accidents. When a caravan crosses a selkha, or dry salt lake, it is rare that some of the animals do not break a leg. If the fracture is in the upper part of the limb there is nothing for it but to slaughter the animal and retail its flesh as butcher's meat. If the lower part of the limb has been injured the bone is set and held in position by means of splints made of palm branches which are bound with small cords. If no complications ensue at the end of a month the fracture is reduced. When it is a case of simple dislocation the injured part is cauterized with a red hot iron, then coated with clay and bandaged with a strip of cloth. Fifteen days afterward the animal is generally cured.

## Saw Nothing But Codfish.

An interesting and quaint story is told of a Boston codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them, by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good old man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down in trying to play at the family altar, and went straight to the men who had led him into the plot, and told them he could not go on with it. Said the old man: "I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning, when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me, high enough to shut out the throne of God and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it or with any money made out of it."

The Spirit of God guides no sinner who looks to God except in the path of repentance and reparation.

Miles, of Barrie, ily 22, celebrated his v. He collected \$34 for dental effort, and sells 25¢ per year.

Stapleton, who is now collected \$33 for S.D. old veterans, Barrie has d treated Salvationists, night under the canopy 15 years, and who look ing buried under the yellow, red and blue.

swidgement, sent the ograph photo of him

of the volume is as

ond, who resided at and was one of the of The Army, pre- vential with this book, rewards lent to some- ral forgets who. The returned, and was d purchased in the

the book removed to Tasmania, where is still alive, and r, during his last den, in 1905, visited 'nomania, he stayed

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## WELCOMES AT STREET.

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welcomed our Off- ices. Trickey, back in their short fur- ber of old friends come this way

tain Hale, Staff- burrows, of the her and Slater

others. The their residence.

On Thursday a the burden of sin Saturday Lieut- ated at the wel-

Conliffe and were supported

A. Dobson

big crowd was not was secure-

speeches were by the Band-

The Band en- with choles

Colonel gave th to married

afternoon the er (Assistant Mrs. Milner, and The Army, conducted by Burrows, One deliverance.

## Band Chat.

The Temple Band has given a hearty welcome to Bandman Harpley, son of Adjt. Harpley, who recently came to this Dominion. He plays a baritone.

**Chatham Band, Ont.**—We have welcomed three more Band boys. Bro. Smith, late Bandmaster of Woodstock; of Bros. Skerritt, of Hayward, of St. Thomas. The following changes have been made: Bro. Wise, from double BB to G trombone (this is a new addition to the Band, and now we have a quartet of trombones); Bro. Dix, from first baritone to double BB; Bro. Smith has taken up first baritone; Bro. Carter second tenor to second cornet; Bro. Croucher, second cornet to first cornet; Bro. Hayward, first tenor; and Bro. Skerritt, first cornet. The Band is in a good spiritual condition, and that is the keynote of our success. Bandmaster Dunkley is always sure of a good Band, every time. His hopes are high that Chatham will get have an A1 Band, and have openings for Bandmen who are willing to work as unskilled hands, marmalade, also for an outside time—E. H.

We note by the latest Australian Cry that some person, evidently very hard up, has stolen the brass drum of the Melbourne City Corps. Whether the culprit wanted to take up a collection, no one knows, but the paragraph advises the immediate return of the drum, "when he will hear of something to his advantage."

Major Miller, who has just returned from a tour in the West, expresses very favourable opinions regarding the Bands in that part of the country. The Winnipeg 1 Band, he says, could compare with any of our Army Bands. It is a fine combination. Calgary, Saskatoon, Brandon, and Moosejaw have Bands worthy of any Corps.

Moosejaw Band is being reinforced. Those comrades from the Old Land, Fort St. John, are soon to have a Band. The comrades are enthusiastic over the plans, and any Bandmen locating there could be provided with work.

The Territorial Y. P. Band was present at the opening of Riverside's sale of work of Friday, July 30th, and rendered a good programme of music. The "War Cry" and "Sinner's Life" marches, "Hark, the Voice" selection, and a slide cornet solo were among the items played. The Band is in quite frequent demand.

## Music Competition.

Open to Musical Salvationists Throughout the World.

Those interested to know that, in accordance with the announcement made last year, the Chief of the Staff has approved a Competition for Band Selections to be held during the current year.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters will adjudicate on the selections sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit, will be awarded as follows:—

First Prize, £25.00.  
Second Prize, £11.10.

A Certificate of Merit will be given the competitor taking the third place. There will be no competition on this year for either Marches or Vocal pieces.

The Competition will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing or editing music.

The selections submitted must be received in London between September 1st and 15th. Full particulars, together with conditions and Form of entry, may be obtained from the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may understand exactly what the conditions of the Competition are before they commence their work.

## Alec MacBride, "Born Drunk"

The Striking Story of a Dipsomaniac.



LL THOSE acquainted with the subject of my sketch, Alec MacBride, were agreed on the following points: He was the most profane man, the hardest drinker, and the most neglectful of his family of any man on that railroad. Each month \$40.00 of his earnings would find its way into the different saloons he frequented. Those who knew him said that only one of two things could possibly happen to Alec—he would either get discharged from the Company's service, and die in a ditch, or he would get killed on his engine.

How he had held his position so long without meeting with an accident was a mystery, for he was never quite free from the influence of drink, and he had been driving an engine for twenty years. Some people went so far as to nickname him "Born Drunk," and no one seemed to entertain the faintest hope that he could ever be a reformed character.

One day two men might have been seen engaged in earnest conversation. One of them was the Salvation Army Officer and the other was a Soldier of the Corps, the latter was also employed by the same company as Alec, and was his near neighbor.

"Have you yet," said Alec MacBride, Captain? "said the Soldier—for the Officer had but lately come into the neighborhood.

"I have not yet met him. Is there any particular reason why I should?" asked the Officer.

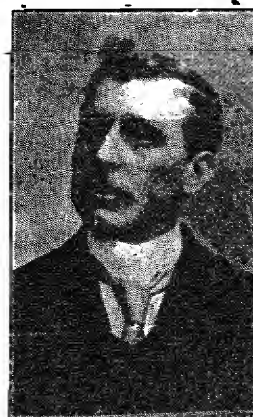
"Yes, for he is certainly the worst man, taking him all round, that I have ever known, although he is one of the best engineers that work on the road."

"Well, I will certainly pay him a visit, and see if we cannot, by the grace of God, get him to lead a new life."

A short time after this brief conversation Alec sat on the doorstep of the wretched one-story house he called home. His face was bloated and swollen, his eyes were bloodshot, and in every respect he was a disreputable-looking man. The Army Captain, passing by, saw him, and going up to the drunkard offered him his hand, but the bleary-eyed man did not desire to form an acquaintance. The Captain invited him to attend the meeting.

"What? Me go to the Salvation Army? Why," he said, "I should start swearing as soon as I got there. I have never lived an hour of my life since I could talk without swearing. No religion for me."

"Well, never mind about your



Alec MacBride,  
A Trophy of God's Grace

swearing. Mr. MacBride, you come along and bring your family with you, and if you feel like swearing—well, just swear."

"Oh, if you take it that way I will come," said Alec, and on the Sunday night Mr. MacBride, his wife, and little girl entered the Army Hall. Needless to say, their entrance created a sensation. It was a painful experience for Alec, who felt so wretched and out of place. Every one in the Hall seemed to be looking at him, and he afterwards said, that the Captain and Soldiers talked right at him. He was very glad when the meeting was over and he could get away. It was impossible to get him to repeat his visit. He drank harder and was more profane, if possible, than ever, and forbade his wife and child to go to any sort of religious service. Six months passed away, and in spite of the most determined efforts the Captain and his friends had failed to get Alec to attend the meetings again.

But God has His own ways of working, and, one Sunday night, as he sat in his wretched home and saw the happy throngs of people going to the different places of worship, something seemed to speak to him. He grew uncomfortable, and then, before he realized actually what he was doing, he called out to his wife and

said, "Do you want to go to the Salvation Army? If you do, put on your clothes and I will go with you. She needed no second invitation, although the words thrilled her with surprise.

When they arrived at the Salvation Army Hall they found it well-packed that there was only room on the front benches. The meeting was a very powerful one, and Alec was so deeply stirred that, without any special or personal interview, he arose from his seat, and knelt down at the penitent form. His wife and child immediately followed his example, and the three knelt side by side. He cried most earnestly to Almighty God for mercy and for a change of heart. When he had the consciousness that God had heard his prayer he arose from his knees, and facing the crowded Hall, his face illumined with a light of a new hope, he said: "The wonder of wonders to me is that God can save a greater sinner like I have been." Then the wife also testified that God had saved her. The little girl could not speak for the sobs that choked her utterance, but the look on her dear little face was sufficient to inform those around that the little child had knelt at the feet of Jesus. The audience was deeply moved, and there was not a dry eye in the place. Others followed the example of Alec and his family.

There was, of course, many remarks made about Alec's salvation. Some said it was excitement, and would soon wear off; others that it was another form of delirium tremens; while others, of course, knew that it was the work of the Spirit of God.

There could be no doubt about the change that had taken place in the heart of Alec. The saloons saw him no more, no longer did blasphemy and oaths pass his lips.

That change took place eighteen years ago, and Alec has been found faithful through all those years, from that time to the present he has never touched a drop of liquor, but has helped many a weaker brother to resist the tempter.

He no longer lives in the little wretched shack, so poorly furnished, but has his own pleasant home on a corner lot. He has all he needs in this world, and some to spare for other less fortunate ones. His daughter has been called home to the Eternal Shores, but in spite of this sorrow he is a happy, useful man, beloved by all, and is a striking evidence of the power and reality of the salvation of God.

—C. W. Mose

## OFFICERS FAREWELL FROM WINNIPEG No. 11.

Winnipeg 11.—We regret that we have had to say goodbye to our beloved Officers, Ensign Shepard and Captain McManis. The farewell meeting was conducted by Mrs. Staff Captain McManis. A man found Jesus at the close. Since the Officers have been in our midst we have received many blessings, and much good has been done in the Corps and District.

Montreal 11.—We are raising two Open Air Brigades now. Only one Sunday has passed without someone seeking God. The Captain thinks this Corps would be hard to beat. Adjutant Orchard recently paid a visit.

We were distressed to hear that on Friday, the husband of one of our Soldiers had been killed by an electric shock. Captain Turner conducted the funeral service on Monday.

Two recently formed Bible classes are working well.—C. C.

The very fact of your existence compels you to stand out for good or evil. There may be room for difference between the two, but only indifference can lead to discouragement, degeneration and, and consequently it must be evil.



The Three Knelt Side by Side.



## Promotion to Glory of Ruthie Simco.

The Beautiful Life of an Invalid Girl.

It was on Tuesday night, July 27th, when Major Mrs. Simco finished a revival campaign at London, Ont., and on arriving at her billet, found a telegraphic message from Toronto awaiting her. It was to the effect that her daughter had been seized with a fit, to which she was at times subject, and was not expected to live long. The Major, together with Captain Crocker, her assistant, hurriedly packed her campaign accoutrements, and by the 5.43 a.m. train, came to Toronto.

Although in great pain, Ruthie recognized her mother's voice as she entered the sick-room, and the Major, seeing this was so, knelt at her side and sang her favourite choruses:

Ever near to bless and cheer.

In the darkest hour;

When I'm tempted,

I can feel His power.

At His side, I'll abide,

Never more to roam,

Till at last, fighting past,

He'll take me home.

At the fifth line the Major paused, because Ruthie had her own little way of singing that particular line.

"Never more to—!" her mother began, and Ruthie faintly smiled and uttered the one word, "part." The word "room" did not seem binding enough to Ruthie.

On Thursday a doctor was called, and he expressed the probability that she would recover, but the ray of hope which this news brought was soon to be overshadowed.

Reggie (Ruthie's brother) was about to go to the Y. P. Band practice on Thursday evening, and as he lightly slipped down the stairs, he cried in a true school-boy way: "Go long, Ruthie." He passed a few seconds, and then heard the faint reply, "So long, Reggie."

Those were Ruthie's last words spoken on this earth. From that time on she became unconscious, and early on the following Tuesday morning, sank rapidly. Major Simco, Mrs. Brigadier Morris and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Morris, Captain Ravon (who was Ruthie's nurse for many years), and one or two others, assembled in the room. Later on, in the morning, at ten o'clock, the spirit took its flight.

Ruthie Adelaide Simco was born in England twenty-four years ago. While quite a baby in arms, her mother was appointed to the Swiss Field, where troublous times were witnessed.

"Often had I held an umbrella over my baby's head, while sticks and stones were flying all around us," said the Major, "and in the French warfare in Quebec, Ruthie was mercifully spared."

Very early in life did Ruthie seek to know God. Being of a very conscientious character, for any little thing which she felt had either displeased God or her mother, she wanted complete forgiveness, and this she received more than once at an Army penitential form. In her books frequent markings, such as, "Reconsecrated myself to God," appear, and it can be safely said that Ruthie's spiritual character was of a very high order. Her little ministry of song—she had a sweet voice, which she accompanied with an auto-

## ASSURANCE KILLS DOUBT.

BY THE GENERAL.

"The Spirit of God beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—Rom. viii. 16.



HAVE sometimes heard people talk about being sure of Heaven. I remember seeing a book with a title of that sort years ago. Although such a certainty may be very desirable, I am not sure that it is possible. Anyway, it is not a common experience.

There is no doubt that a through ticket to the New Jerusalem, with an insurance against all risk of breaking down on the way, would be an unspeakably precious boon. It has not, however, been my lot hitherto to meet anyone who had the good fortune to enjoy that privilege.

The reason for this is the fact that being faithful unto death is a condition of final Salvation, and such faithfulness is not an absolute certainty. So you must go on in watchfulness and prayer, lest you yield to temptation; and every one who thinketh he standeth must take heed lest he fall.

### Certainty of Conversion.

But if you cannot be absolutely certain that your feet will be kept from falling, and that they will ultimately tread the streets of the Eternal City, there are some precious things of which you can be sure. For instance:—

You can be quite sure that you have been converted.

With the great Apostle, you may know for certain that you have passed from darkness to light, from death unto life, from the power of Satan unto God.

That is, you can be sure that there was a time when you went down before God, confessed your sins against Him, submitted yourself to His authority, trusted in your Saviour, received His pardon, and went forth to fight for Him against earth and Hell.

That is a wonderful experience, is it not? I know there are varieties in the way it is brought about. Some of us approach the law which divides the righteous and the wicked more gradually than others, and cross it with different feelings. But about the foot of your having crossed over there ought never to be a doubt. You

happily—was made a blessing to many weary hearts, although she had been practically an invalid for ten years. On one occasion, when her mother, the Major, stood by her bedside, weeping, she said: "Mother dear, don't cry; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." The words brought a wonderful peace to the mother, who says that she really did come forth as gold.

When the Major started on her first campaign in November of last year, Ruth felt the sacrifice of her mother very much. On returning to the home, the Major resolved to put her daughter to a test. "You say you have been so lonesome, dear," she asked. "Well, but the Lord has given me fifty seekers in this, my first, campaign. Would you rather have had mother at home, or that she had gone out and won souls?"

can know that you are saved.

Have you got that assurance? Do you know that the chance has taken place? If not, my brother, my sister, get it this very moment.

You can be sure that you are a child of God.

### How We May Know.

We used to sing a song—perhaps you sing it today—the first verse and the chorus of which runs—

My Father is rich in houses and lands.

He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands:

Of rubies, of diamonds, of silver and gold

His coffers are full, He has riches untold

I'm the child of a King.

I'm the child of a King.

With Jesus my Saviour,

I'm the child of a King.

Not only is that doctrine taught in The Salvation Army Songs, but it is taught in the Bible. The Prophet Isaiah expresses it most beautifully when he says, "Behold, God is my Salvation. I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my Salvation." And the Apostle John wrote about it thus: "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him (that is, in God) and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."

The Apostle Paul describes the manner in which this assurance is produced in us. He says: "The Spirit of God (that is, the Holy Ghost) beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Not that we were some time in the past, or that we shall be when we get to Heaven; but that we are now, here in this life, the children of God.

Is not this certainty of salvation a glorious thing? Is it your experience? If not, be sure and seek it! You receive that witness of the Holy Spirit, and begin to-day—this very day.

### A Life Pleasing to God.

You can be sure that the life you are now living is pleasing to God.

Ruthie halted but a moment, and then replied, "I would rather have seen you go out and win those fifty souls."

Her love for dying humanity was not only thus expressed, but her constant prayer was that she might be able to go out in the world as an Army Officer to win souls to the Saviour. But God saw fit to take her while young, and today she is singing around the throne with all the blood-washed throng.

The funeral service was conducted at the house by Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall, on Thursday, August 5th, and the body was interred in the Army plot at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

We deeply sympathize with Major Simco in his bereavement, and bespeak the prayers of comrades everywhere on her behalf.

By this I mean that you may know that the way you think in your mind and feel in your heart, and act in your daily life, are all pleasing to God.

Yes, I see. He knows all about your circumstances and your conduct, both inward and outward. The Psalmist declares this knowledge in a remarkable way:—

"Whether shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whether shall I flee from Thy presence?"

"If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold, Thou art there."

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea:

"Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me."

"Yea, the darkness shall be light about me, but the day as the day."

That knowledge embraceth

ins and outs of your daily ex-

perience, it includes your private

life at your meetings; in short, all

you think, or feel, or say, or do

night and by day. Well may

Psalmist say, "Such knowledge is

wonderful for me."

Now, you may be sure that all to life can, by the abounding grace of God, be lived in a God-pleasing manner.

Wonderful as it may appear, that was the experience that Enoch

enjoyed. We read that: "Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not because God had translated

before his translation testimony, that he pleased

Enoch was probably that

large tribe, with a num-

ber and serious responsibility

many of the temptations

that ever attend such po-

ret by his faith and his

by the grace of God, he

lived and act in such a

brought into his soul that

that his ways pleased God

Uncertainty Means Mistrust.

Now, all these things are very

things to be sure about. But

are very awkward things to

certain about. Doubts about

spoil happiness, make false

stony the ability for duty, and

foster fear and cowardice.

You must seek and find this

ous assurance if you have not

ed to it already, and if you

found it you must hold on to

not lose it or sell it for a

world.

### VICTORY AT NANAIMO.

During the past week three souls sought parson. Saturday, July 27th, we welcomed to our Corps, Lieut. Stride and his comrade, from Training College; also a poor slave who had been a Salvation New Zealand, and who, seeing the Captain going through the saloons taking up the offering, followed him to the Chancel. He came to the mercy seat.

On Sunday night, after a hard day's battle, a man followed the Officers to their house, and sought God parson in the Quarters.—G.S.N.P.

A wanderer returned to God.

Farmer's Arm on Sunday, 11

spread out.—W. J.

# THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, New York, New York, and London, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 15 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Advertisements to be written in block letters, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, requests about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE WAR CRY, 15 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. All matters relating to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, to THE SECRETARY, ALL CHURCHES, POST OFFICE, and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

## GAZETTE.

### Promotions—

ENSIGN ARTHUR BRISTOW, to be ADJUTANT.  
Lieutenant George Goodlow, to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

## GENERAL ORDER.

### at Festival Effort 1909.

Annual Harvest Festival  
Fixed for September 18, 19, 21.

At August 21st no demonstration of a financial character (except behalf of the Harvest Festival) must take place in any Corps. The Effort is closed, without mission of Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this order is observed.

THOS. B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

### Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

g to news received, Com- and Mrs. Coombs have arrived in the Old Land, and most heartily welcomed. Commissioner has transacted important matters with the Chief of the are very much interested accounts of progress and it which the Commissioner before them, and are full the future of Canada from Clapton. The Commissioner fulfilled some public engagements, including the weekly news meeting at the Congress Clapton.

more interesting and stirring meeting than that presided by Commissioner Howard, at the in Congress Hall, on Thursday, could scarcely be imagined. The British Cry, "Amongst the concourse of people present comrades and friends from various parts of the Training Home Territory, as well as a few visitors from Provinces. But the chief surprise for the service lay in the unannounced presence of Commissioner Coombs, from Canada.

With a gracious tactfulness, which was appreciated by all present, the Foreign Secretary lost no time in introducing the distinguished visitor to the delighted congregation. On rising to speak, Commissioner Coombs, who is on a flying business visit to International Headquarters, and whose health, we are sorry to say, is far from robust, was accorded a reception which, in its heartiness, was almost uproarious.

Our contemporary further says that the Commissioner gave the address of the evening, towards the close of which the Commissioner experienced an unusual failure of his voice.

In a letter to the Chief Secretary,



MAN'S SMALL VIEW-POINT.

Eternal things can only be fully seen by one who is "high and lifted up." Some higher critics and other mere men fancy they can see the universe from their small pedestal, and think what they see is everything. They remind us of the blind men who went to "see" an elephant. After they had "touched" the creature, they described it thus: One grasped the creature by the trunk, felt it, and declared the elephant to be like a snake; another hand of the tail, and said the elephant was like a rope; the third grasped a leg, and said the beast was like a tree-trunk; the fourth, groping about the massive side of the elephant, said "it was like the side of a house." The fifth grasped an ear and vowed that an elephant was a thing similar to a cabbage-leaf, while the last one said he knew all about it, for he felt the beast, and it was for all the world like a pie-stuff. He had fingered the tusk. All right; all wrong. Even so is the narrow vision of man. The whole Bible is the whole view of man's life and eternal destiny. Act upon it.

## The General Conducts the Field Officers' Councils at Clapton.

### A SPLENDID AND MASTERLY ADDRESS.

THE magnificent series of Field Officers' Councils which The General has, during the past few weeks, conducted at five centres in the British Territory, was brought to a successful close at Clapton last week. They have, in the words of The General himself, been among the most triumphant it has been his lot to lend.

The amount of labour represented by these great and vastly important gatherings, the chief burden of which has rested upon The General, was prodigious.

#### Speaks 800,000 Words.

The Councils, for instance, comprised thirty-five sessions. The General, during their progress, talked for, perhaps, eighty-five hours, which at the rate of 150 words a minute—a safe average for a practised public speaker—gives us, approximately 800,000 words. This, in itself, may

be considered a remarkable feat, for there is nothing so exhaustive as public speaking; but it does not by any means represent all that our Leader accomplished during that time.

Between the Councils he conducted lengthy interviews and important correspondence, personally inspected properties, wrote to an Officer who was patiently waiting the summons to the Heavenly Shore, and sent a letter of sympathy to a little Lieutenant who, through an accident, was not able to attend the Clapton Councils.

In addition, The General had an interview with Commissioner Hay, who is shortly to leave for Australia, and shook hands with all the American Officers prior to their return to the States.

To get to these Councils involved much travelling, and The General spent two nights in the train. During the Glasgow Councils he had an

he had. This all indicates that I must take care. This I will do."

We very much hope that the Commissioner will be as good as his promise, and will take care of himself. We also hope that our readers will bear the Commissioner before the throne in prayer, that God may restore him to his usual health and strength, and that the trip may greatly benefit both him and Mrs. Coombs.

especially heavy week. On Monday afternoon, he opened Blackfriars' Station, travelling to Scotland by the night train. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the Councils were in full swing.

On Friday morning The General met the Staff Officers at an hour when most people were thinking of settling up, and later he proceeded to Edinburgh to open the new Men's Home in connection with our Social Work. He returned to the International Headquarters by the night train, and on arrival in London was again involved in administrative affairs.

#### Easily First.

As to the Councils themselves, for down-right spiritual force for whole-heartedness, for restless abandon, for pure Salvationism, they easily take a first place.

The General's buoyancy of spirit all the way through has been irresistible. His vigour, his confidence, the keenness of his mind, the readiness of his wit, the wisdom of his exhortations have been the wonder and the delight of those who have been privileged listeners.

Field Officers everywhere have gone back to their commands brimming with hope, uplifted by The General's example as well as by his words, and with a passionate eagerness to do exploits for God.

The burden of Salvation Army Officership is not a light one. There are grave financial responsibilities to carry, in addition to the responsibilities of the spiritual operations which are the Officer's special concern. To succeed, one must have first class business abilities, as well as gifts and graces which appear to advantage on the platform. And the wheels are not always rubbed red and ball-bearing.

(Continued on page 11.)

## The Ham

How it Impressed a  
Institution

(From 1)

THE day was beautiful. Nature at all times beautiful, but on a summer day, when the sun hangs high in the sky, each garden plot a room, scent and colour, each flower a cheek perfumed with life, the day is perfect. The thought came to me that we should be so thankful for the beauty of natural loveliness surrounding us. Surely happiness only exists in this world. As I passed a group of little children, their laughter bubbled from their hearts, and my heart beat the faster. I was filled with the joy of it all. I have danced in my gladness to the music of the winds, the song of the birds, the hushed rustling of leaves, for surely was not this the happiness everywhere?

It is a large house on Avenue, and lays well back from the street. The garden is clean and cleanliness. As I stepped I glanced above the door, and these words met me: Salvation Army Rescue Home.

I had never visited a Rescue Home before, and had but a vague idea of what the work was that was done therein. I rang the bell, and waited. Through an open doorway came the sound of a baby's cry, and I heard a woman's voice in its tenderness, soft and sweet. What was I going to see? Joy, beauty, happiness, as outside? The spirit within me as it had been to the of the winds, grew calm. I felt the cry of the child, the note of pain. In the tone of a man's voice I felt the love. What should I feel? Pain and love? Why do I go hand in hand? Joy, happiness—would they be as I entered? These things we can do without love, but love creates, and opens and I entered, the smile of welcome, and the God bless you.





## The Hamilton Rescue Home.

How it Impressed a Journalist who Visited such an Institution for the first time.

(From the Hamilton Spectator.)

THE day was perfect. Nature at all times is beautiful, but on a mid-summer day, when each tree hangs heavy in full leaf, each garden plot a mass of bloom, scent and colour, each wind that fans your cheek perfume-laden, nature is wonderful. The day was perfect; the thought came to me how thankful we should be for the profusion of natural loveliness surrounding us. Surely happiness should only exist in this world. As I walked on I passed a group of little ones at play. Their laughter but made my heart beat the faster, so filled was I with the joy of it all. I could have danced in my gladness to the music of the winds, the song of the birds, to the hushed rustling of the leaves, for surely was not the spirit of happiness everywhere?

It is a large house on Mountain Avenue, and lays well back in a shady garden. All about spoke of order and cleanliness. As I ascended the steps I glanced above the wide door, and these words met my eyes: Salvation Army Rescue Home.

I had never visited a Rescue Home before, and had but a vague idea what the work was that was carried on therein. I rang the bell and waited. Through an open window came the sound of a baby crying—a faint, peevish cry—and, answering it, I heard a woman's voice, maternal in its tenderness, soft and pleading. What was I going to see inside? Joy, beauty, happiness, as I had seen outside? The spirit within me, attuned as it had been to the music of the winds, grew calm. In the faint cry of the child I caught a note of pain. In the tones of the woman's voice I felt the warmth of love. What should I find inside—pain and love? Why do they always go hand in hand? Joy, beauty, and happiness—would they depart from me as I entered? What matter! These things we can do without. We cannot do without love nor the joy that love creates, and as the door opened and I entered, and received the smile of welcome, the handclasp, and the God bless you, I knew the

spirit of love dwelt therein.

I had been speaking to Ensign Price for a few minutes, when she arose from her seat opposite me, and made me smile as she remarked: "Pardon me for a moment; I have a little boy in the corner; been rather naughty, you know; I must let him run and play, though, now. She left the room to return almost immediately, leading a small boy by the hand. "This is Tommy," she said; he is going to be a good boy. Now,



Ensign Price, Who has Charge of the Hamilton Rescue Home.

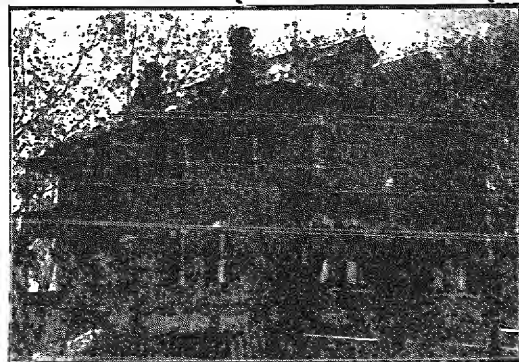
Tommy, salute the lady." It made me smile the way Tommy did it. I think he will make a very good soldier when he grows up. He can salute and walk like one already, you see; that is a very good beginning; and as for the corner? Well, many grown up people would be better could we put them in a corner now and again. Don't you think so?

When Tommy had left the room, Ensign Price looked at me. "Would you like to see our babies?"

"Babies! Well, rather. Have you babies here, too?"

"Almost nineteen," was the answer. "Come this way, if you please; I have a wee baby here—our newest baby—that I must show you."

We stood over a tiny crib, and



The Hamilton Rescue Home.

Ensign Price turned the soft white covering back carefully, and I saw the newest baby. Snuggled down in the soft bed he lay, his hands curled up tightly, and fast asleep. "Just two weeks old," she said, "and we want to find a mother for him."

I knelt beside the crib, and smoothed the wee pink hand. "Find a mother for him!" Thoughts surged within me. Oh, little soul, how came you here alone, and not wanted, that one must seek a mother for you? The voice of the woman at my side came to me: "So much sin—so much suffering—and these little ones, they must suffer for it." Joy, beauty and happiness? No, not here. But as I watched the face of Ensign Price as she bent over the baby, I knew that love was, and when love watches it also blesses.

Outside, in a large, well-floored tent, we saw the older babies having dinner. They eat their rice, bread and milk with gusto; spoonful after spoonful went down with amazing rapidity. Caring for them were young women, some of them mothers. Upon their faces was no joy, but a dull, calm despair—poor, weak Betty Sorrels every one of them. They looked at me as I said good-bye and stepped out into the sunlight, and I seemed to them, I believe, a woman of another world.

"Do they love their babies?" I asked.

"Love their babies! Oh, my dear, love them? Yes, they do. It is what the world will say that they tremble at. Many of them have taken the burden up bravely, unaided, and the love between mother and child is the one joy of both lives—such as it is."

In another large tent, out in the open, were cribs of all sizes, clean and comfortable. They sleep in the fresh air all summer, and judging from their rosy faces, it is doing them good.

Ensign Price means to go on the outing to Oakton, taking with her what children she can. Already I am beginning to pray for nice weather. The thought of rain makes me feel desperate, indeed it does. I want a sunny, warm day, so that the children will be happy—for there are so many children going from each home in the city—children from here and there. Now, perhaps, you can understand why I pray for sunshine.

While little souls against, and even masters reason, and even men to do things against the better judgment, it does not seem unreasonable to believe in the "law of man."

## The General's Visit Postponed.

We have to inform our readers that The General's visit to Canada has been postponed until next year. Circumstances have arisen in other parts of the world's battle-field, which render this postponement desirable. We are, however, full of hope that the promised visit will take place in 1919, and that the Canadian Territory will show our beloved leader the appreciation it has for his noble life and work. God bless The General!

## The Chief Secretary

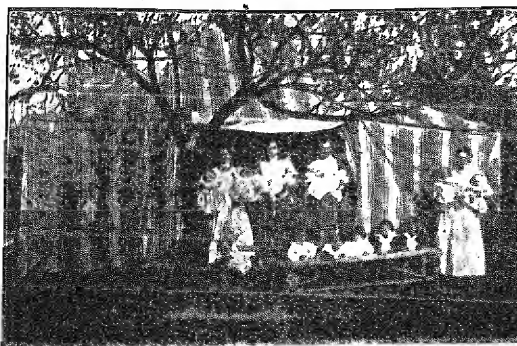
And the Immigration and Financial Secretaries Among the Montreal French.

"Hall Packed to Suffocation."

Colonel Mapp, accompanied by Lieutenant Colonel Howell and Brigadier Pether, conducted a very special meeting at the French Corps (Montreal III). Our French comrades were more than delighted at having the Chief Secretary to visit their Corps, and the building was packed to suffocation, and the police had to keep the crowd moving outside, so great was the interest.

The Colonel was very much impressed at the way the eager crowd listened to the truths poured out upon them in the arena. Inside the interest was just as great. Adjutant Cabrit and Rev. Mr. Brunneau gave addresses of welcome in French and English. The Chief Secretary was accorded a very hearty welcome when he rose to speak, and took for his text, "Son, daughter, give me thine heart," relating two very touching incidents, one of a young girl who had not saved and who went to the morgue and looked at those who had died through the effects of sin, and determined that she would face death or anything rather than give up her faith. Another was a lad who had the knife thrust through his heart by his companions because of his stand for Christ.

At the close a poor fellow under the influence of liquor dropped his head on the seat and asked to be prayed for, weeping bitterly, but would not come out to the mercy seat. Although none yielded, yet certainly will record that meeting—Character.



The Babies' Tent at the Hamilton Rescue Home.



Some higher critics and other what they see is everything, had "viewed" the creature, and the elephant to be like a bird grasped a leg, said the elephant, said 'it was like the thing similar to a cabbage-leaf, for all the world like a pike-vision of man. The whole

chilly heavy week. On Monday noon, he opened Blackfriars' street, traveling to Scotland by the train. Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday the Councils were in session.

Friday morning The General the Staff Officers at an hour most people were thinking of going up, and later he proceeded to church to open the new Men's in connection with our Social He returned to the International Headquarters by the night and on arrival in London was involved in administrative

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burden of Salvation Army is not a light one. There financial responsibilities add to the responsibility of spiritual operations which Officer's especial concern, and, one must have first class abilities, as well as gifts which appear to advance platform. And the wheels always rubber-red and ball-

# The Week-End's Despatches

## In Spite of the Hot Weather the Old Chariot Rolls Along.

Some Splendid Reading in These Reports.

### BRIGADIER ADBY AT SMITH'S FALLS.

Excellent Meetings and Good Crowds. Brigadier Adby conducted the week-end meetings at Smith's Falls, and great interest was manifested by the people in the efforts put forth by our distinguished visitor. The Brigadier's singing on the street attracted very large crowds, and many showed their appreciation in a very practical way.

Good congregations attended the inside meetings, and the purpose and character of these gatherings was at once made known. The power of song was largely employed to get the attention of the people concentrated upon the Gospel truths, and the hearty way they joined in the singing was a true index of its power. This, followed up by the Brigadier's intelligent, straight talks, which could not fail to bless, and many found that the God who was present could indeed help them. The interest evinced in the campaign is a sure sign that the Holy Ghost is working in our midst and the general feeling is that not only will the Corps be benefited and blessed, but the town at large will, to a certain extent, receive some practical good. The spirit of expectancy displayed by the comrades is admirable. — Corps Correspondent.

### ADJUTANT AND MRS. WALKER FAREWELL

After Valued Service at Galt.

Galt.—Adjutant and Mrs. Walker conducted their farewell services on Sunday, July 11th. Crowds gathered at outdoor and inside meetings, especially on Sunday evening. Two souls sought salvation. These Officers have been with us nearly two years. During this time they have certainly done valiantly in the Master's service. Targets have been smashed, as many as 1,200 special War Crya been sold, new Corps properly secured, and souls have been converted and recruits sworn in. The Adjutant has kept in close touch with the surrounding districts—Blair, Ayr, Dumfries, Dunn, and Brantford—all of which places speak in highly of his devoted service. Wednesday night was their final farewell.—G. Smart.

### SEVENTEEN AND SEVENTY-TWO.

Converts Enrolled at Loo Cove.

Loo Cove, Nfld.—On Sunday, July 11th three recruits took their stand under the Flag. The youngest of them was seventeen years of age, the oldest seventy-two. In our night meeting one wandered returned to the fold.—W. H. Miller, Lieutenant.

We have welcomed Captain Biggs to Trenton. Four souls came forward at the close of the holiness meeting on Sunday, July 13th. At night the Captain spoke on the words, "What will you do with Jesus?" One soul came forward and settled the question.—H. H.

### PROGRESS AT MOOSEJAW.

How It was Accomplished.

For a year this Corps has been commanded by Adjutant and Mrs. McRae, and progress has been made in every branch of the work. Numbers of souls have found salvation, recruits have been made into Soldiers, and Soldiers into Cadets. A splendid Band has been formed, and new instruments purchased. Our Harvest Festival and Self-Dental Targets were completely smashed, and much relief work accomplished. The Adjutant has taken great interest in the prisoners, praying with, and obtaining jobs for them. The drunkard was frequently fed and helped at the Quarters. Mrs. McRae was indeed an angel of mercy to many unfortunate girls. She nursed some in her own home, and found honorable employment for others. She befriended a young girl who was on trial for murder, and sat with her for three days in the court. The magistrate said the world needed more such spirits. She will be greatly missed by her music and song, while both will be remembered by what they have done.—Observer.

### NEW OFFICERS AT BURK'S FALLS.

Opening Fire at Sundridge.

We have just said good-bye to Captain Lewis and Lieut. Jennings, and welcomed Captain Sydney Cooke to our Corps. Saturday and Sunday we had good times. On Saturday night we had a grand rally and a finish up with two souls for God. All day on Sunday the meetings were successful. The Captain's discourses came with power and conviction to the hearts of many. In the afternoon meeting we had the joy of seeing two more souls at the mercy seat. Rev. Mr. Miller took part in the service. We finished up with four souls for the Captain's first week-end.

On Tuesday we had with us Captain Harvey Lloyd. On Wednesday the Hall was packed to the doors, and on Thursday, when we had a lantern service ("Matt Stib's Dream"), the Hall was again full.

On Friday Captain's Cooke and Lloyd went to Sundridge to open up the work in that town. We had the Baptist Church for the occasion. Ten comrades promised our Captain to be come Soldiers if the Corps would open up and stay. Praise the Lord. Believing for greater times. Look out for Burks.—Corps Cor., for Capt. Cooke.

Whitbourne (an Outpost from Blaketown, T. B.) was visited by the Officer from the latter place some time ago, when but two persons could testify to salvation. But things have changed, and now sixteen have that blessed assurance that they are saved, and by the next report we hope to have twenty-two, for an enrollment is to take place. We are believing for a Hall here.

### A PLEASANT OCCASION.

Medicine Hat's Tidings.

On Thursday evening, July 15th, a most successful social in aid of the Band was held in The Salvation Army Hall, which was packed to the doors. The programme provided included recitations, drills and exercises by the children which reflected great credit on performers and teachers. Songs were rendered by Brothers Palmer, Simpson and Finch. A cornet solo by Brother Happy Davis delighted the audience, and selections were rendered by both the String and Brass Bands, much improvement on the part of the Band boys, under Brother Whitred, being evident. At the close of the programme, all partook of ice cream and cake. The proceeds will be devoted to procuring new instruments for the Band.

On Sunday night we were favoured with an address by Rev. Mr. Darroch. A deep impression was made on every hearer as the reverend gentleman told of his early life, conversion and personal experience of practical religion that now affords satisfaction even when laid aside by protracted illness of six years standing.

Lieut. Hamilton, of Toronto, also gave us a call.

### VISITORS AT THE FALLS.

On Saturday and Sunday, July 17 and 18, we were favoured by a visit from Captains Lugg and Banton. The beautiful singing and playing of Capt. Lugg attracted large crowds, both at the open-air and the inside meetings; also the very earnest and powerful address of Captain Banton was much enjoyed by all.

On Sunday night Captain Banton dedicated to God and The Army the little girl of Brother and Mrs. Galley, and at the close of the meeting one young man surrendered his all to God. We were also pleased to have with us on Wednesday night Captain Politt, from Guelph. The Captain is also a splendid singer. Two more promising young men have since come to the cross.—C. C. for Capt. Watkinson.

### MONCTON'S NEWS.

Moncton, N.B.—Souls are being saved and taking their stand for God. A Songster's Brigade has been formed, which proves quite an attraction. Moncton people are lovers of music. Ensign Treguard, assisted by the musicians of the Corps, gave a musical festival, the income being \$27.00.

Our worthy Provincial Secretary, Brigadier Collier, was with us for Sunday, July 25th. The special subjects dealt with and the smiling face of the Brigadier were inspiring.

Captain Murdoch and Lieut. Shaw are Dunnville's new leaders. Both are Good and Fire Officers, as we have already seen. On Thursday night, July 15th, four persons sought salvation, and on Sunday three more claimed pardon.—M. R.

Adjutant Habbick and Captain McGorman visited Burks Falls recently. Captain Lewis has farrowed. During her stay here many souls were won for God. A number are boldly fighting in our ranks to-day.—Sergeant E. Pettie.

### CAPTAIN AND MRS. HURD FROM WELL.

After Twelve Months at Montreal. Capt. and Mrs. Hurd have returned from Montreal. At 2:15 a grand open-air was held, when a large crowd, mostly French, stood around. Three different languages were spoken. Brother J. Rogers spoke French. Lieut. Mance speaking English, and all the rest speaking English.

At 7:30 a great salvation meeting was conducted by Staff Capt. Payne and Adjutant Beckstead of the Rescue Staff. The Staff Corps dedicated Sister Garland's child to God, after which the Captain read of Sister Tracey, who has been a faithful worker in the Corps for the past five months. After this we had a testimony from Mrs. Hurd, a friend who, whenever there is a ticket or a special War Cry is always on hand to do her best. Adjutant Beckstead spoke of the blessing God had made Captain and Mrs. Hurd during their stay in the city.

On Monday night we had a very special meeting, entitled, "Scrubby ology," the admission to which was scrubbing pail and a piece of soap in a very short time the Hall was nice and clean.

Tuesday night, June 29th, was our final meeting, when the Rev. W. F. Field, who is a warm friend of the Army, gave us a lecture on "Horse Riders." Staff Captain Baw was chairman. Mrs. Major Taylor sang a solo, and Captain Hurd read an encouraging report of the work that had been accomplished during the past year. He also stated that the Junior Work had been commenced, and a new Hall erected. —Buster Brown.

### COMING AND GOING AT HUNTSVILLE.

Brother and Mrs. Ombis, of Huntsville, have been promoted to the rank of Captain, and have left the Corps to take command of Wood. These comrades will be greatly missed, as the Captain was a member of the Band. The prayer and best wishes of the Huntsville comrades go with them.

Adjutant Habbick and Captain McGorman recently visited the Corps and conducted a well-attended musical meeting. Captain Lloyd's last service was very much enjoyed; also the visit of Captain Palmer, of the Territorial Headquarters.—C. C.

On July 26th Stellerton town was bombarded by Soldiers and Officers of three Corps—Westville, New Glasgow and Stellerton. Adjutant and Mrs. Cameron were in command. Capt. and Mrs. Collins, our new Officers, ably assisted, as did Captain Boyd and Lieut. Pierce. The Church was packed, and a great impression on the people was made.—Sharp shooter.

At Tinsenburg, while the Officers were visiting a dear old woman who prayed to God for grace to live for Him, and on Sunday night another woman was converted. At the mercy seat. The meetings on Sunday were very successful.

INTERESTING

Electrical

Matters are in a katoon in a The people sh of The Army's manner, as mu having been a collection. One the Captain ha installed, whic beautifully. Qu have also been

Amongst the been the fare for Winnipeg. long rest for years that it strong for Fie been appointed dren's Home i her every suc Lieut. Bell the assistant our Command Ensign How on July 20th ed the funera took his life i Sergeant-Maj has also spen H. M.

A CROWDED

Captain Po bye to the Shelbourne, succeeded to Captain is fu hot weather Halifax, co meetings. I visitor, and meeting was those who c allies or re knelt at the

Riverdale McKelney the week- ist. On F of work w Y. P. Ban the Friday marches ar ed with st morning s welcomed, nounced postponed ed Bible noon, and ing.

Pembris Kemptrill to take c weather, ed our w night's r ner and Sunday's attended. best of a Halt nu came in nation Lieut.

Four at the August dal we instant k ful be comes Blinden Two of



## INTERESTING EVENTS AT SASKATOON.

## Electrical Lights Installed.

Matters are moving ahead at Saskatoon in a satisfactory manner. The people show their appreciation of The Army's work in a practical manner, as much as sixteen dollars having been given in a week-night collection. One result of this is that the Captain has had the electric light installed, which illuminates the Hall beautifully. Quite a number of souls have also been saved lately.

Amongst the recent happenings has been the farewell of Captain Harris for Winnipeg. She has been on a long rest for her throat, but it appears that it is not yet sufficiently strong for field service, so she has been appointed to work in the Children's Home at Winnipeg. We wish her every success.

Lieut. Bell has been welcomed as the assistant to Captain Kinsella, our Commanding Officer.

Ensign Howcroft visited the Corps on July 20th and 21st. She conducted the funeral of the young man who took his life in the Hall on July 18th. Sergeant-Major Peacock, of Regina, has also spent a week-end with us.—H. M.

## A CROWDED MEETING AT SHELBORNE.

Captain Poole has just said goodbye to the Soldiers and friends of Shelbourne, and Captain Jones has succeeded to the command. The Captain is full of zeal, in spite of the hot weather. Captain B. Turner, of Halifax, conducted last Sunday's meetings. He is always a welcome visitor, and the last Sunday night meeting was so well attended that those who came late had to sit in the aisles or remain outside. One soul knelt at the mercy seat.—M. Emfow.

Riverville. — Adjutant and Mrs. McKilney were in command during the week-end July 31st and August 1st. On Friday and Saturday a sale of work was held. The Territorial Y. P. Band lent special interest to the Friday night's programme, the marches and selections being rendered with great precision. On Sunday morning several new comrades were welcomed. The Adjutant also announced that his farewell had been postponed till August 15th. The ed Bible Class was held in the afternoon, and at night a salvation meeting.

Pembroke.—Lieut. Trimm, late of Kemptville, arrived here on Friday to take charge, and in spite of wet weather, God has wonderfully blessed our week-end meetings. Saturday night's meeting closed with a sinners and a backslider at the cross. Sunday's meetings were very well attended, finances were good, and, best of all, two precious souls left the Hall much happier than when they came in, having sought and found salvation. Hallelujah!—E. Austin, Lieut.

Four persons sought a clean heart at the Temple on Sunday morning, August 1st. Adjutant and Mrs. Kenda' were in command all day. Adjutant Harpley assisted with his skillful harp accompaniments. Welcomes were extended to two new Bandmen and three songsters. Two souls claimed pardon at night.

## What We Should Be.

## An Exhortation to Holiness of Life, by Morley L. Stuart, of Williston, Alberta.

(Continued from last week.)

The late Bishop Taylor tells in one of his books of how the first years of his street preaching in San Francisco, rough, drunken men sought to break up his meetings. He could have subdued them with physical force, and have made them his enemies, but he adopted more gentle methods, and so made them his friends. If we are loving and gentle towards others, our own lives and characters will be enriched, while even the rude and turbulent will yield to the power of gentleness.

We remember the words taught us at our mother's knee:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child,"

and so, if we would be meek and gentle, let us come into closer contact with the meek and lowly Jesus, and then we too can say with one of old, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

Let Us Be Watchful.

How necessary it is for us as Christians to be ever on our guard. Just as the mariner on the seas must keep a watch out ahead and continually consult his compass, just as the engineer on the fast flying train must not relax his vigilance a moment if he would avoid danger and disaster, so must we in the journey of life be ever vigilant and watchful if we would avoid the perils in our way, and finish our course in safety. How necessary it is for us to heed the words of the Master, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Let Us Be Patient.

How much need there is for us to exercise patience in the common affairs of every day life? How many by impatience and fretfulness destroy their own happiness and the happiness of others?

In writing to the church at Philadelphia John says, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation."

Is it not true that we yield more easily to temptation when we become impatient and fretful, while we resist more easily when, under the most trying circumstances, we remain patient and calm. Especially do we need to exercise patience in dealing with the unconverted. If we do not see immediate results we are apt to lose hope and become discouraged, but think of God's patience in dealing with us, and so let us patiently and persistently labor on, believing that in due time "we shall reap if we wait not."

Let Us Be Consistent.

If we do not practice what we preach we may be sure our words will count for but little with those who hear them. Truly the poet has said, "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

Let Us Be Thoughtful.

Not speaking rashly words that afterwards we shall regret having used. Let us take time to store our minds with pure and holy thoughts. In the words of the Apostle, "Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if

there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Especially is it necessary for us to be thoughtful in our testimonies. There are many in their public testimonies who get into a rut and never seem to get out of it. With no sign of mental or spiritual development in their utterances, night after night their testimonies are invariably the same. There are others who by preparation and from a well-stored mind and deep spiritual experience always give a testimony that affords both pleasure and profit to all who hear them.

Let Us Be Industrious.

It is a true saying if an old one, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." "About all labor," says Thomas Carlyle, "were it but true hand labor there is a certain amount of divineness." Our Saviour himself, by his life in Nazareth, gave an added dignity to honest toil. If it is necessary for men to be industrious in order that they may succeed in the business world, is it not just as necessary for us to put forth increasing effort to succeed in the spiritual? Therefore, let us "labor on, spend and be spent, our joy to do the Master's will."

Let Us Be Progressive.

Just as the stream that ceases to flow becomes stagnant, or the tree that fails to bring forth bud and leaf, dead and barren, so we too will become dead and fruitless if we fail to make advancement in the Christian life.

"Glory of warrior, glory of statesman, glory of song—  
But the greatest of glories is the glory of going on."

Above All, Let Us Be Good!

A dear Officer whose life has been a blessing to many in the western provinces always in parting with her comrades said, "Now, be good!" How much it means to be just simply good? What higher tribute can be paid to anyone than this? "He is a good man." "She is a good woman."

After all, comrades, it is character that counts, and not the most gifted speaking or sweetest songs or fervid prayers will avail if we do not possess this quality in our own hearts and lives. Therefore, that we may be possessed of the highest form of goodness let us come into closest personal relationship with Him who while here on earth "went about doing good."

Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen were with us at Summerside on July 12th. A memorial service for Ensign Brace was held on Sunday. The Hall was filled, and many tears were shed, and all who spoke, spoke well of Ensign Brace. We have succeeded in reaching our Self-Denial target.—Ava Wilson.

Last Wednesday at Cranbrook we had the Juniors' Demonstration. The Hall was full, and everybody enjoyed the service.

The visit of our P. O.'s, Major and Mrs. Morris, was a great inspiration. They enrolled two promising Soldiers.—W. C. C.

## THE GENERAL.

(Continued from page 8.)

But The General showed himself familiar with every phase of an Officer's life and work. His knowledge of the inner life of those present, the temptations they have to face, the trials and perplexities that fall to their lot, and the difficulties which they have to encounter and overcome, was indeed encyclopaedic.

These Councils were in themselves a liberal education in the principles which govern us and in the great rock-bottom truths for which we fight and upon which The Army is founded.

But the Councils were more than educative. They were rich in spiritual blessing, and an inspiration to all who took part in them, and an encouragement to those who have at heart the interests of the Kingdom of God.

## Candidates' Campaign.

Major Cameron, Assisted by Capt. Eastwell, will visit the following Corps in the interests of Candidates.

HAMILTON I.—Saturday and Sunday, August 14 and 15.

HAMILTON II.—Monday, August 16

(United Meeting).

BRANTFORD—Tuesday, August 17.

PAINTS—Wednesday, August 18.

WOODSTOCK—Thursday, August 19.

INGERSOLL—Friday, August 20.

LONDON I.—Saturday and Sunday,

21 and 22.

LONDON II.—Monday, August 23

(United Meeting).

ST. THOMAS—Tuesday, August 24.

RIDGETOWN—Wednesday, August 25.

CHATHAM—Thursday, August 26.

DRESDEN—Friday, August 27.

WINDSOR—Saturday, Sunday, Monday

August 28, 29, 30.

SARNIA—Tuesday, August 31.

PITRILLIA—Wednesday, September 1.

STRATFORD—Thursday, September 2.

GALT—Friday, September 3.

GUELPH—Saturday and Sunday,

September 4 and 5.

## TEN SOULS AND A WEDDING.

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor conducted the meetings at No. 1, Corps, Toronto, on a recent Sunday, and had a very blessed time, with ten souls at the penitent form. In the afternoon Captain Townsend's infant son was dedicated to God and The Army. On Monday the Brigadier conducted the wedding ceremony of Treasurer Cresswell and Band of Love Leader Jack. The Hall was crowded.

If you want the earth you'd better hurry up and take it, as the space of time that you can have it, before it takes you, will be very short at the longest.

It does not take much schooling to learn to say "yes" or "no." Yet there are people who have not been able in a lifetime, to learn to say either one of these little words, just at the right time.

Perhaps you cannot tell a dog by its hair, but you can by its bark. But you can never tell a man by his hair or his talk.

Weak minds seem to be the best fields for raising strong words.

Broken confidence is the natural crop of broken promises.

## Matches

TAIN AND MRS. HURD FAREWELL.

Twelve Months at Montreal. Capt. and Mrs. Hurd have returned from Montreal IV. At 215 a special service was held, when a large number of people, mostly French, stood around the different languages were spoken. Brother J. Rogers speaking, Lieut. Mance speaking, and all the rest speaking.

7.30 a great salvation meeting was conducted by Staff Capt. and Adjutant Beekstead, Rescue Staff. The Staff Capt. visited Slater Garland's child after which the Captain visited Tracey, who has been a worker in the Corps for five months. After this we had many from Mrs. Hurd, who, whenever there is a special War Cry to sell, is on hand to do her best. Beekstead spoke of the God had made Captain and Hurd during their stay in the

Sunday night we had a very meeting, entitled, "Send the admission to which was a big hall and a piece of soap, very short time the Hall was clean.

Monday night, June 29th, was our meeting, when the Rev. W. W. who is a warm friend of the Ave us a lecture on "Robbers." Staff-Captain Jones, Mr. Major Taylor, solo, and Captain Hurd, and uraging report of the work I been accomplished during year. He also stated that or Work had been ex- and a new Hall erected—rown.

## AND GOING AT HUNTSVILLE.

and Mrs. Oulds, of Huntsville, have been promoted to the Captain, and have left to take command of West. These comrades will be sad, as the Captain was a friend of the Huntsville so with them.

Habkirk and Captain recently visited the Corps, and we attended much. Captain Lloyd's law was very much enjoyed; Lieut. of Captain Palmer, of Head-quarters.—C. C.

16th Stellarton town was by Soldiers and Officers. Westville, New Glasgow, Adjutant and on were in command. Mrs. Collins, our new Officer, assisted, as did Captain Lieut. Pierce. The Citadel an a great impression was made.—Sharp.

burg, while the Officers a dear old woman, she for grace to live for Sunday night and in contribution at the meetings on Sunday.

## FIGHTING FISH.

An Article dealing with the Cannibalistic Habits of the Cold-Blooded Denizens of the Deep.

**D**OGS may bite and cats may claw and scratch, but nowhere in domestic animal life do we find the vicious, cold-blooded cannibalistic qualities that obtain among fish.

So says Louis Wain in a magazine article. He goes on as follows:

"A fish is born with the set expression which varies very little the whole time of its life, yet, however mild it may appear, it will do and



Squids.

dare relentlessly, feasting away on its own relations, until it in turn goes under to a gladiator fish of greater proportions. A curious instance of this is contained in the story of a friend, who, in his Norwegian experience, notes having hooked a two-ounce trout, whereon a fine fellow of the same breed, four and a half pounds in weight, pounced upon the dainty morsel, and retained such a tenacious hold that he was safely landed without even being hooked.

Where Ocean Tragedies Are Re-enacted.

It is, however, in good aquarium tanks that more of the mysteries of fish-life become known and noted, and the Brighton Aquarium affords the best example for illustration. Its tank superintendent, Mr. Wells, has many good stories to tell of the eccentricities of the funny tribe. Little tragedies cooped up within three walls of rock, with a fronting of glass, take place constantly; and, oblivious to prying eyes, the daily life of the ocean is re-enacted, with all its realistic episodes of love and war and hate. Fierce battles take place. There is a victor and a vanquished, and a lady fish in the background, and the water is ruffled with its particles. In vain a watch for a sight of the first blood. Ragged scars and torn flesh hanging in ribbons from the combatants' sides do not send the shiver through one they ought, for the fight is apparently a bloodless one, and before a blood artery is torn asunder, a clawing, creeping mass grows out of the gloom, a nervous, ribbon-like arm shoots up from it, curls round one of the fighters, drags it down, and hides it in a twist of tentacles. The octopus, for such is the ugly, shabby-looking mass, fattens consumedly, and finally ejects a shapeless mass of crushed bone and scales on to the sand.

Now an Octopus Fights.

He will on occasion clutch hold of a lump of rock weighing half a hundredweight, drag it over the ground, and place it before the entrance to a hole in the rocks in which a lobster has gone to sleep after a meal, and thus stare him until he is weak enough to attack and pull to pieces.

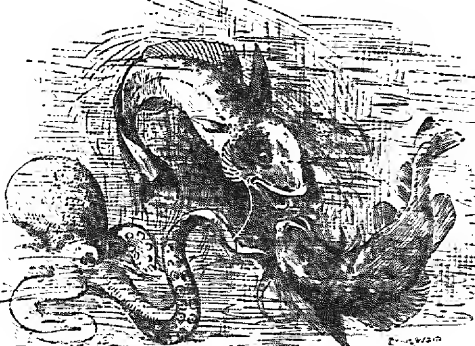
If a rival worthy of fighting comes his way, there is much puffing of body and distending of eyes on the part of both; they clutch each other from afar by the end of their tentacles and nib about for hours, then, when he sees an opening, he forces

on a clutch like the clapping of hands, and they fight back to back. The end is always one way, one eats its way solidly into the other.

The first octopus, by-the-by, which was brought to the Aquarium was put in a tank with a dogfish. The companionship was not a happy one, for the dogfish simply looked upon his rival as a good bit of food, and worried him all over the tank, never allowing him to rest in one place for two minutes together. He snipped off the ends of his tentacles one by one, and catching his nose rushed through the water while the fragments of motion was upon him, which rendered him for the time being all but helpless, he caught him in a vital part, and the octopus sank to the bottom, a writhing, helpless mass, with his sharp and active foe still tugging and tearing away at him, until he had swallowed him almost whole.

The Dogfish and the Eel.

Another nursehound, called the pickered dogfish, invaded the quarters of a conger-eel, and seemed rather blinded by the turgid, silvery surroundings; yet he rushed again and again at his opponent, who, however, did not seem any the worse for the vicious digs made at his slime-covered body, but waited his chance until he got a fair grip under the throat of the dogfish; and when he let go an hour afterward the dogfish was in a sufficiently passive condition to swallow tail first.



Fight between Dog-fish, and Octopus.

Another instance of swallowing whole happened when a twenty-eight pound pike was robbed of a dainty morsel by a lesser light of his own species, who crested some eighteen pounds when first placed in the tank. The big fellow took his smaller companion by surprise while he was in a state of lethargy consequent upon his having to digest his stolen meal, and gulped him down head first. The fight was a vicious one—in fact, one of the most protracted which have ever taken place; but the victor, having held tight, and gradually wore out the conquered one, evidence of whose existence remained for a whole week sticking out of the monster's mouth in the form of a tail-end, until even that, too, followed the digested body.

The Lobster and the Crayfish.

Perhaps less showy, but no less vicious, was the enmity which forced on a fight to the death between a lobster and a crayfish. The extraordinary quickness of their movements, and the wonderful way in which first one and then the other would get the masters out of a sudden melee made it a fight of warriors. The crayfish lost too many legs on one side, and was bowled over in his lopsided condition, and before he could recover his balance both his eyes were snipped off. The end then came, when the lobster

ripped off the back shell and feasted upon his prize. When his meal was over, he buried the remains, shell and all, in the shingle, and slept the sleep of the just over all that was left of the crayfish, only to wake up a day or two after with an appetite which was no respecter of the grave of the buried crayfish, which he dug up again and finished off. It is so all throughout the tanks, peace reigns until feeding time gives up the pugnacious nature of the cold-blooded denizens of the deep, and even the monster devilfish comes out of the sulks to take in at one gulp dead food and struggling whiting before he settles for the night in his gloomy, slime-covered corner; while crayfish sit in solemn conclave in a division of spoils, which, in their case, is a dead octopus—an easy conquest.

The Color of the Eye.

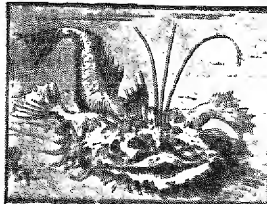
It is not generally known that the eyes of infants are always blue, and that they do not begin to assume their permanent color until the sixth or eighth week. There is, therefore, truth as well as poetry in the statement that babies look about them in "blue-eyed wonder." The wonder may be left to poets and philosophers, but the blue is always a practical fact. It is not uncommon to see different colors in the eyes of the same person, and even in the same eye half of the iris is sometimes brown and the other half blue. There is a popular notion that dark eyes are stronger than light ones. There is no truth in this, except so far as they are better protected against excessive light.

Putting Down White Slave Traffic.

We are glad to note that the following countries and colonies have



entered into an agreement to work to put down the white slave traffic: Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Norway, and Sweden, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Bahamas, Barbados, British Guiana, Canada, Ceylon, Commonwealth of Australia, Gambia, Gold Coast, Malta, Newfoundland, Northern Nigeria, Southern Rhodesia, Trinidad, Windward Islands. Each Government is to appoint an official who will have a strict watch kept, particularly at railway stations and ports, to prevent women or girls being taken away for immoral purposes, and to keep other countries informed of suspected persons coming.



A Pierce-Looking Fish.

## Thoughts from My Journal.

By Adjutant Thoroldson.

I am no oculist, yet I dare to declare you blind in your colour vision, if you call any kind of a lie a white lie.

It is true that uniform does not make a Salvationist, but also true that other clothes have unmade quite a few of them.

Sarcasm and wit are twins, and so much alike that at times even the parents cannot tell which is which.

It is too bad that your neighbour doesn't come up to your standard, and your neighbour's neighbour doesn't come up to his.

The grasping meanness of the wise may have something to do with the proverbial parting of the fool and his money.

If you knew as well, even to the smallest detail, what the Lord expects from yourself, as you know what He expects from your neighbour—wouldn't you be posted as to your Christian duties?

Give me the speaker who is always wound up before starting, is no repeater, and stops when run out.

Don't stand in your own way casting "can'ts." And don't sling about "slang," no matter how familiar it may be to you.

Jokes may prove to be boomerangs in your hands. You can always do more and better work with a jokester point than with a pointless joke.

Sinful pleasure like pepper burns after taking.

You will not be able to find standing room between right and wrong, because the very moment either one is revealed to you, decision, or decision, places you on one side or the other.

Conversion gives us the Word of God, not only in revised, but revised version.

If living to please yourself, please remember, that not one of God's commandments has "if you please" attached to it.

God's Word declares that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and you say that the way of God's people is hard. So, prepare to endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ. And waste not your time in seeking the easy way, which according to God's Word and your own declaration, does not exist either on one side or the other.

If dancing, discipline, smoking opium, and drunken saints, are to turn the world upside down, it will certainly be wrong side up.

You may be one of the serving fittest, and yet not in any way be fit for the Kingdom of God.

To subdue a bad habit by degrees works about the same way as putting out a blazing fire with snowballs. You may do it, but the chances are that your structure will be consumed before you succeed.

## GREAT

The General had a vision on Wednesday the 10th of the month the p had been in Hall looked new dress. ater, arrayed office, and a citizens, supp Worship's e City of West our great Le

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## Thoughts from My Journal.

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## OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The General at Regent Hall.—The General had an enthusiastic reception on Wednesday evening at the historic Regent Hall. During the month the painters and renovators had been in possession, and the old Hall looked gay and smiling in its new dress. The Mayor of Westminster, arrayed in his scarlet robes of office, and a row of distinguished citizens, supported The General. His Worship's eloquent welcome to the City of Westminster was worthy of our great Leader.

The General spoke for upwards of an hour. The impression created by his graphic description of The Salvation Army on his 80th Birthday was worthily reflected in the speeches of one of the Councillors, and Salvation Smith at the close.

Commissioners Coombs and McKie.—It is not often we have the pleasure of welcoming two veteran Commissioners to London during one week. It may readily be expected that the presence of Commissioners Coombs and McKie has meant no small amount of bustle and movement in the Foreign Office. The air is charged with Colonial electricity, and for the time being, the affairs of our great over-sea Colonies are paramount. Commissioner McKie had a great reception at Clapton on Thursday evening. His name still counts for much in London.

Colonel Hamond.—During the past few weeks Colonel Hamond has been closely engaged in making enquiries into the methods and results of the many departments of our Social and Rescue Work in Great Britain. The Colonel's new duties as Inspector will probably take him to many lands, and his present studies are all with the view to preparing himself for his important work. Next week he will be visiting some of the Provinces.

### SWEDEN.

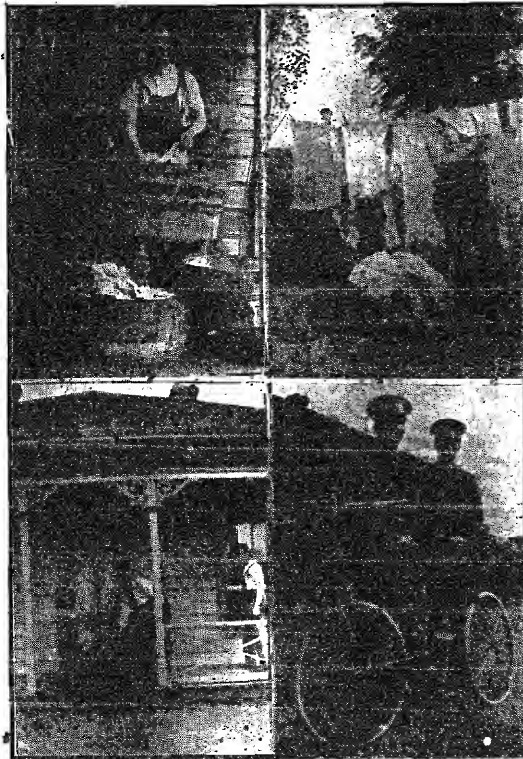
At the conclusion of the Swedish National Congress, the police authorities gave permission for a musical festival to be arranged in one of the Stockholm parks. In spite of unfavourable weather, at least 2,000 people were present. The Swedish Staff Band and the Bands of Stockholm I. and VI. were united on this occasion.

### AUSTRALASIA.

About ninety fine young men and women warriors have recently entered the Training Home in Melbourne. Colonel Hoskin, the Chief Secretary, conducted a day's spiritual meetings with them shortly after their arrival.

### FRANCE.

The 14th of July is the National Fete Day, and the only day in the year when liberty is freely granted for open-air meetings. Our French comrades always take full advantage of such a rare experience. On the recent anniversary, Brigadier Delapraz, supported by a band of Paris Officers and Soldiers, conducted several meetings amongst the thousands of persons thronging the streets. The "En Avant" was specially printed in the National colours—red, white and blue—and over 1,200 copies were sold in a few hours. The Editor of "En Avant" Adjutant



Captain Roe, of Nanaimo, B. C., sends in the above photographs, and says that The Army is having good times there, and he and his Comrades are working and praying for a big revival. They already see the cloud as a man's hand.

I. Monday morning, Captain Roe makes an early start; II. Pegging away; III. Finishing touches; IV. Captain Roe and Envoy Tims ready for visitation.

Marchal, a valiant woman warrior, visited the ancient city of Reims, and with the assistance of a few comrades, readily disposed of the 500 copies of the paper which she took with her.

### INDIA AND CEYLON.

This week's mails report a decided improvement in the health of Colonel Yuddha Bai (Dannister), which gives great cause for thankfulness. It is even hoped that she may be able to resume her duties in the course of a few weeks.

### SWITZERLAND.

A young married woman, only 29 years of age, was visiting one of the Swiss Corps. The Officer in charge felt strongly impressed that she ought to deal with her earnestly about her soul's salvation, and for this purpose requested her to go for a walk. While passing through a cemetery, the Officer took the opportunity of having some serious conversation on eternal things. The young woman, however, made a careless reply, to the effect that she had no immediate interest in these things, for she wished to enjoy herself while she was young. At the same time she thanked the Officer for dealing so faithfully with her. The next morning, to the horror of the hus-

band, and great grief to all the family, the young woman was found dead in her bed. It fell to the lot of the faithful Officer to prepare the body for burial.

### MANCHURIA.

Acting-Commissioner Hodder has gone to Dalsey to open a Hall and start the Corps in that town. Over \$500 has been raised in Dalsey itself towards the cost of the building.

### JAPAN.

A Junior Song Book has just been issued in Japanese at the price of 2 sen, or one cent. Star Cards, with responses on the English model, have also been printed.

### CHORUS GIRLS BEGUILLED.

Secret Service After the Procurers who Inveigle Them to Panama.

Special agents of the Department of Justice boarded the steamship Orinoco of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's line recently in search for young American actresses, who it is declared are being inveigled to go to Panama during the dull theatrical season here by promises of vaudeville engagements, and then find themselves in "low resorts. The

agents are anxious to land the procurers who are shipping these girls to the Zone.

The action of the department is based on complaints which recently have been received from Judge Brown, of the Canal Zone, appealing to the Government at Washington and also the police at New York, to put a stop to the practice. Neither any victims nor any of the men who are shipping them were met with in yesterday's search. It is said that the inducement offered the young women, most of whom are of the show girl variety, is \$25 a week salary and transportation both ways.

Captain Cheret, of the Orinoco, said yesterday that on May 1st three young stage women sailed from New York on his ship to take such an engagement, and that it was not until the ship had left Kingston, Jamaica, on its way to Colon, that the young women happened to learn, from a passenger, that the theatre in Panama City, in which they were supposed to appear, was not a respectable place. The three then appealed to Captain Cheret and asked him what they should do.

They had no money, having depended entirely on the promises of the "agent" who had engaged them.

At Colon the captain took the three to The Salvation Army Headquarters and put them in the Hall in charge of a chaperon, where they waited until the steamship Tagus, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, came along from Cartagena, Colombia, and they returned to New York on this ship.

Police headquarters for some time has been interested in the matter of girls and young women being taken to the Zone. At the present time Detectives Griffin and Kesselmark are in Ecuador in charge of a prisoner arrested there named Ellen or Helen Spencer, who is under indictment here for the kidnapping of three girls from New York on May 1st. The young women returned to New York, and one of them, Marie Nevins, of 43 West Twenty-seventh Street, made a complaint against the Spencer woman. On the request of the New York police the woman was arrested in the Canal Zone, and the two detectives were sent down to bring her back, but before they got to the isthmus she had escaped from custody, and next was heard of in Ecuador, where she was again arrested.—New York Sun.

### SAVED AT KNEE-DRILL.

Dovercourt. — Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer led the meetings on Sunday, August 1st. Adjutant Cooper assisted during the day. A woman, who came into the Hall during knee-drill got well saved. In the afternoon Sergt-Major Heard farewelled from that position, and Brother Mowat was commissioned as Corps Sergeant-Major at night. The Open-air Brigade did good service on Sunday night. Brother Neill read the lesson, and much conviction was evident. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Burrows, of the U.S.A., were visitors during the day.

At Brockville we had a glorious weekend, and a wind-up over two souls. The crowds were grand, and the collections away up. Captain and Mrs. Butler are leading us on to victory.—Corps Cor., *Adrian Adams*

# POGASELSKY THE JEW.

## AND HOW HE FOUND THE MESSIAH.

A Fascinating Story of Jewish Life, and Travel and Adventure in Many Lands.

What Happened to the Ship that  
sailed out of port on a Sunday.  
Chapter XXV.

**H**AVING now related how Herman found the Messiah, we will proceed to tell of his further adventures as a Christian sailor, for he still went to sea, though he was a married man. At first, Marion tried to persuade him to settle down in Trvedstrand and work at some employment that would not necessitate him going away from her, but he soon grew dissatisfied on shore and began to long for his old life at sea again.

He was no longer the drunken, Godless wretch who had sailed to Constantinople and back, however. He was now a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he soon found plenty of work to do aboard ship for his new Master.

At the same time he proved the truth of Paul's words, that "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

The sailors did not know what to make of a man who prayed and read the Bible instead of drinking and swearing, and they promptly came to the conclusion that Herman was a "crazy," and treated him accordingly.

One of the officers of the ship also had the same opinion, and got him to do all the hardest and dirtiest work they could, to try and cure him. The cheerfulness with which he went about his tasks, however, surprised them, as did the patience he manifested under their continued insults.

"Here, you," said the first mate one day, "go and paint the hull on the top of the mainmast."

Herman scrambled up the mast, and did as he was directed.

The mate then set him to work at painting the mizen mast, and then the foremast, and kept him hard at it all day. Next day he started him on painting the cabin, and to Herman's surprise, he offered to assist him. As they were painting away side by side, the mate suddenly said:

"What kind of a man are you?"

"I am a German," said Herman.

"Yes, I know that," said the mate, "but I mean what church do you belong to?"

"The Scotch Free Church," replied Herman.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the mate, "then you're one of the crazy folks. Do you know that the government is going to pass a law to chase you people out of Norway?"

"You are telling lies," said Herman.

This made the mate very angry, and he began to scold at religion until Herman wished he was a hundred miles away.

When Herman prayed that night he told the Lord that he couldn't stay on that ship any longer, as the mate was set on making his life unbearable for him.

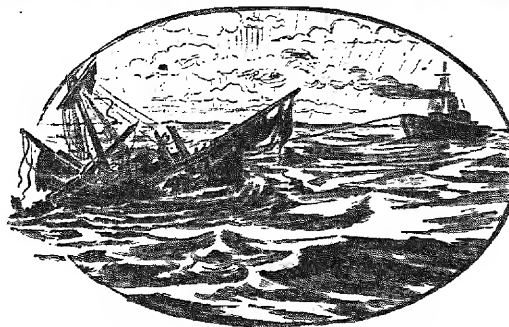
He did not feel easy in his conscience over his resolution, however, and that night he had a vision which caused him to alter his mind. He dreamed that he was in a dance house, and that the devil was by his side.

"Ha, ha," said the devil, "nice place this for a Christian to come. You had better have a drink now that you are here, and join in the merriment."

"No, no," cried Herman. "I have done with all that sort of thing."

"Oh, but your presence here is a pure sign that you have backslidden," said the devil, "so come on and have a good time."

"Yes, come and drink a glass of whiskey with us," said one of the company. "You might just as well



The wrecked ship followed in the wake of the steamer.

take it, for you are as bad as us now."

Herman began to really believe that he had backslidden, and as he took hold of the glass they offered him and tried to raise it to his lips. Suddenly he dashed the glass down, and said, "No, I do not want to drink it." Then the scene vanished, and he saw a band of bright angels approaching. They were singing, and these were the words he heard:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly."

Then it seemed as if the Lord Himself appeared to him, and said, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; fear not what man shall do unto thee."

Herman then awoke, and in thinking over his remarkable dream, came to the conclusion that God had spoken to him, and commanded him to stay aboard the ship. If he did not obey he plainly saw that he would soon become a backslider. He then knelt down and promised God that he would stay at his post and be more zealous than ever in striving to win souls.

A few days later, whilst lying asleep in his bunk, he was rudely awakened by someone shaking him.

It was the first mate, and he was trembling visibly.

"Oh, Herman," he said, "I want you to pray for me. I am a big sinner."

Gladly Herman prayed for his former enemy, while the mate sobbed like a child.

Then Herman knew why it was that the Lord wanted him to stay on board that ship, and he was glad that he had won the victory over temptation.

The next ship that Herman sailed on was bound for Barcelona with a load of lumber. The voyage, in Herman's opinion, at an rate, began badly, for the skipper insisted on sailing out of port on Sunday.

"It is not right," said Herman, "and I believe that God will punish you for it." He was only laughed at.



I want you to pray for me.

however, as a religious crank.

The ship had not got far before a slight accident happened. In hauling up a boat, the rope broke, and some little damage was done.

"Far better wait till to-morrow, for I am sure we will not reach our destination any the quicker by sailing out of port on Sunday."

The skipper persisted in going out, however, and so on sailed the ship. All went well till the next Sunday.

The ship was now in the North Sea, and making good progress, and danger seemed far away. Suddenly a sailing vessel veered out of her course and crashed right into the lumber ship, breaking her jibboom. That was the second mishap, and it happened on the second Sunday. All went well again for another week, and the third Sunday passed by without anything happening. Towards night, however, a heavy fog settled down over the English Channel, and an extra careful watch had to be kept.

At midnight it was Herman's turn to act as lookout man. As he was going to his post, the mate called to him:

"Go into the galley," he said, "start a fire, and make some coffee for me."

"But who will do lookout duty?" said Herman.

"Oh, I'll watch for you," said the mate.

So Herman went to the galley, started a fire, and then commenced to grind some coffee.

As he was grinding a big crash, as if twenty guns had gone off, and the ship reeled over on her side like a drunken creature. Rushing out on deck, he saw the masts of another ship looming up dimly out of the fog, and realized that a collision had occurred.

"Ah, I thought we would never reach Barcelona," he said to himself. He had no time for further thought, however, for the water was pouring into the ship through a big hole in the bow, while her timbers were cracking and groaning as if threatening to come asunder every minute. The ship that had crashed into them now drew off and disappeared in the fog, and they were left alone in a sinking condition. Something desperate had to be done if the lives of the crew were to be saved, and so the captain ordered that the anchor chain should be passed around the ship in order to keep it together, and that the foremast and mizen mast should be cut and toppled overboard. This was done, and then the ship lay helplessly in the same position all night, only kept from foundering by the lumber by which she was loaded.

When day broke a steamer was sighted, the captain of which, seeing the pitiable condition of the lumber ship, signalled that he would take

all the crew off if they were willing to leave the wreck.

"Don't disgrace the ship, man," said the Norwegian captain, "let a stick to her to the last."

So it was decided unanimously that the crew would not abandon their vessel. Probably, however, they were influenced in their decision by the consideration that if they had all left their ship, the captain of the steamer would have claimed her as salvage.

So the steamer went on her way, and left them helplessly tossing about at the mercy of the waves. Before many hours had passed another steamer hove in sight, and the same offer was made to the shipwrecked crew. They still refused, however, though they were all desperately hungry, and all their provisions were spoiled by the sea water. The captain of this second steamer, when he heard of their case, sent them a supply of biscuits and tinned salmon, for which they were very grateful. As they would not come on board the steamer, he refused to take their ship in tow, though offered pay for doing so. He also was after the salvage.

He left them, therefore, but had not got very far before he repented, and turning his steamer round again, offered to tow the disabled vessel to the nearest port.

This offer was gladly accepted, and Herman was told off to steer the ship as she followed in the wake of the steamer. He found it a difficult job, for two reasons. First, the ship was very low in the water; second, the steamer towed too hard. This resulted in the waves rising over the blinder part of the ship, and very soon poor Herman was standing up to his waist in water, vainly struggling to control the wheel. A signal had to be given, therefore, for the steamer to slacken her speed, and after that it was not so bad. They reached a port in safety, and after laying there three weeks, the ship was towed to Portsmouth to be repaired. And so it came to pass that Herman's prediction came true, for the ship did not reach her destination any the quicker by sailing out of port on a Sunday.

(To be continued.)

"He'll Do."

Thoroughness Succeeds.

"He'll do," said a gentleman, decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he gives himself up to entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and, although a procedure with three or four brooms had to be used by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room was the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and, although there were a lot of picture papers and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention to them, but kept right on addressing those envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough, and in deed earnest about everything."

You may naturally be a very smart person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will be in vain, unless you do not do it with all your heart and strength. — American F. & S.

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A Suit Well Worth \$14.50 for \$12.80.

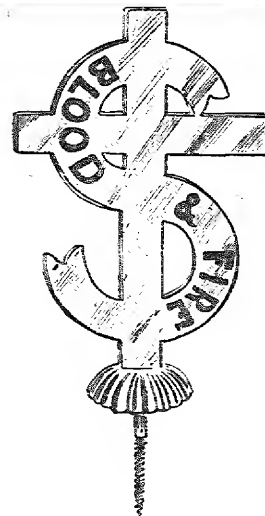
Pants Well Worth \$4.75 for \$3.80.

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Samples and Measurement Forms on Application.



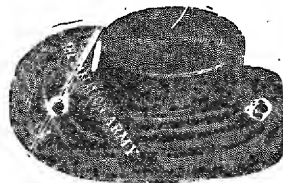
### New Flag Pole Heads

Beautifully finished and polished. In solid brass, with the words, "Blood and Fire" in red letters. Height 7 1/2 inches. Price, \$1.75 each, net. Silver Plated, price \$2.50 each, net.

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Men's Summer Hat



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Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$2 75  
Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$4 00

Men's Regulation Cap, white Duck, lined, red silk band and crest..... \$1 25  
Privates' Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest. \$2 00  
Bandsmen's Regulation Cap, red silk band, crest. \$2 25  
P. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.. \$2 25

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Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd.. \$0 85  
Dark Navy Blue Serge, 48 in. wide, per yd..... \$1 00  
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Dark Navy Blue Cravenette, 60 inches wide, per yd..... \$1 40  
Red Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd. .... \$0 85

Samples on Application.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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